

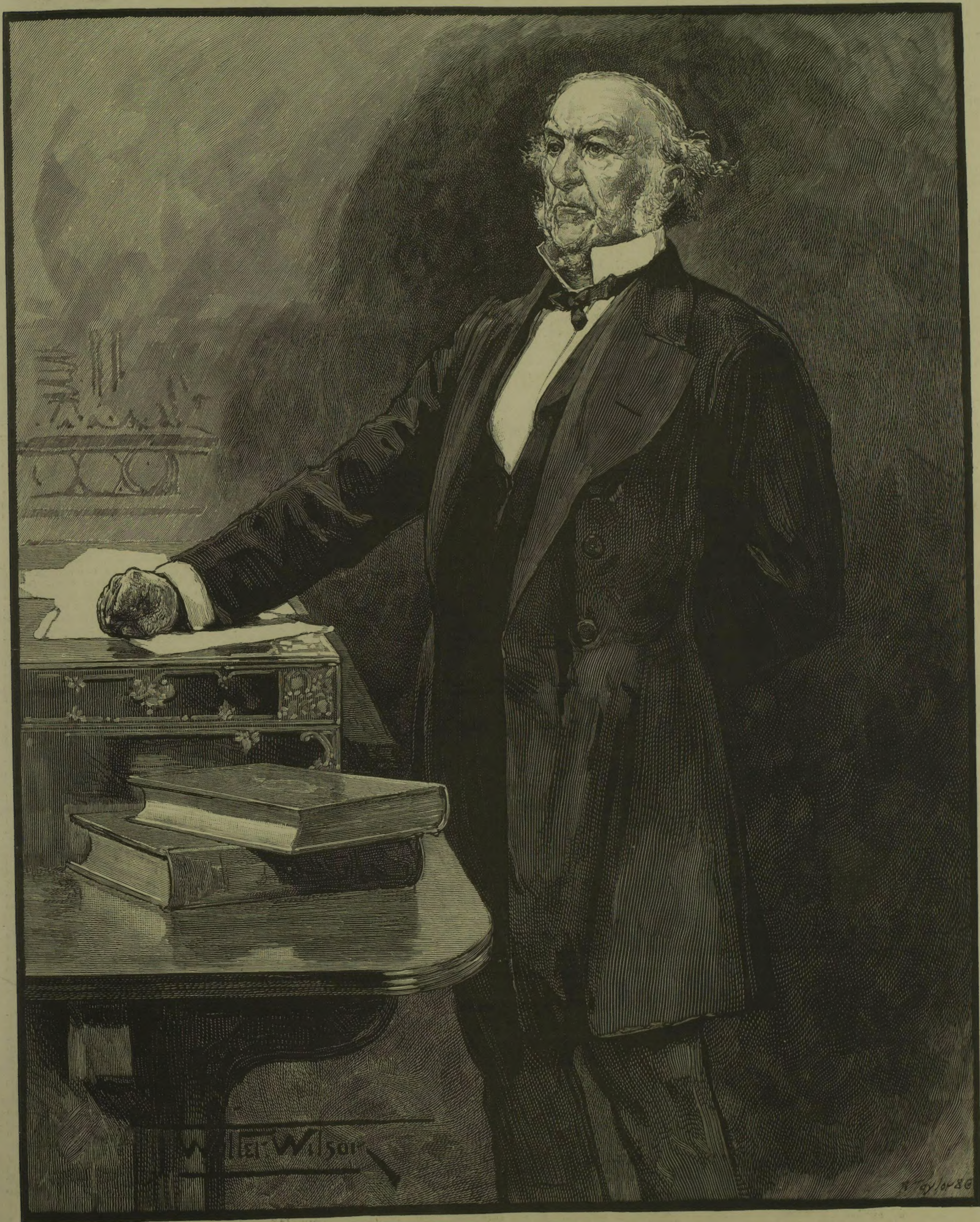
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2704.—VOL. XCVIII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



"It is in the name of the religion, even of the religion which the vast bulk of us believe to be holy, which we believe to be the greatest and the only true treasure of mankind, it is in that name—if I must fall back upon such a resource—though of course it is primarily, broadly, and mainly on the ground of that which we are here to discuss—namely, constitutional law and political wisdom—that I ask you to give your assent to the second reading of this Bill."

MR. GLADSTONE MOVING THE SECOND READING OF THE RELIGIOUS DISABILITIES BILL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When an advocate, for reasons of his own, the other day, spoke of his client—a person of merely seventy or so—as “an old man,” the Master of the Rolls is reported to have inquired, with some natural irritation, “What do you call old?” The usual reply, in the case of a woman, is that she is as old as she looks—which may be an epigram, but is certainly not a very sensible rejoinder—and that, in the case of a man, he is as old as he feels. In classical times, when an ancient gentleman bore himself bravely, he was said to have eaten a snake, viper broth being considered revivifying. Eels do not seem to have the same effect; but, so late as Fuller’s time, men are recorded to have occasionally “renewed their youth,” if not like the eagle, yet to a respectable extent. The Rev. Michael Vivan, a Scotch minister, got a new set of teeth, though the process “made him very ill.” For forty years he had been unable to read small print without glasses; yet his eyesight became so resuscitated that there was “no written hand so small but that he could decipher it”; and at a hundred years old he was equal to a six-mile walk to dinner, which he could not have managed at seventy. Instead of being annoyed at being called old, people of this sort probably took it as a compliment, like a boy who is told that he is getting to be quite a man. It is noticeable, however, that they made an immense fuss over these recuperations, which, after all, only put them where they had been, and never congratulated themselves on any other account. They never recovered any sprightliness of mind. When, indeed, Cleanthus, the philosopher, was “reproached with his old age” (and a nice set of people they must have been to do it!), he replied pathetically, “I would fain be gone; but when I consider that I am every way in health, and well disposed either for reading or writing, then again I am contented to stay.” His friends, however, probably did not agree with him about his good disposition for writing, for they maintained a significant silence. The brutality of these people (considering their classical education) must have been excessive. “Why,” they inquired of poor old Leontinus, the master of Isocrates, “do you tarry so long in this life?” a question to which (at 107 years of age) he was able to reply, “Because I have nothing whereof I can accuse my old age.” It strikes one that he was exceptionally fortunate. Isocrates himself “put forth” a book at ninety-four, but we are not told what the reviewers said about it. The feats of old age are not, one is afraid, very meritorious *per se*, and at any other period of life they would be looked upon as rather commonplace performances. Cato, we are told, at eighty took to learning Greek, when it was “non-compulsory,” but whether that is a proof of his intelligence is a matter of opinion. Dr. Johnson, at seventy, “applied himself to the study of Dutch.” Accorso, as Isaac Disraeli tells us (with that air of everybody knowing who Accorso was that is so irritating in your learned writer), being asked why he began the study of the law so late, replied, “In order that I might master it the sooner.” He evidently thought he had said a very good thing, which, perhaps, he had—for his age. And that, perhaps, suggests the proper answer to the question “What do you call old?” namely, a certain epoch whereat it astonishes one to find oneself doing or saying anything as well as one used to do.

An egotistic writer has accused the habitués of clubs of taking little or no notice of the demise of their fellow-members. They regard it, he says, not as a loss, but, what in one sense is even a gain, as a vacancy. They say: “So old Jones is gone at last,” which suffices for his epitaph. But, on the other hand, what this cynic forgets to take into the account, they sometimes think Jones is dead when he is not. This is not, it is true, through nervous apprehension about him, but because they have mistaken some brother, or cousin of his having the same name, for himself; still, it restores the average of regret, and makes up for what may have seemed a selfish indifference. Indeed, the shock is considerable when one comes, in the cloak-room or other dimly lighted apartment, upon some casual acquaintance who of late years, or months, has acquired a certain interest in one’s mind from his having, as one had imagined, passed into the Land of Shadows. It is only now and then, I hope, that anyone is found rude (or courageous) enough to say, “Why, dear me, I thought you were dead!” but the other man generally recognises the nature of one’s mistake. It must be a curious experience, but nothing to what happened to M. Elie Berthet, a French novelist, the other day, on revisiting his native town. His fame had at one time been considerable, but that had been a long while ago. It is even said that he was the first to write a *feuilleton*, which places him in the van of the century; but, though very successful for a time, his vogue wore out, till in an ever-decreasing world of readers he became naught but a memory. After he had long dropped the pen, the notion struck him in his old age to revisit his birthplace, Limoges. One of the first streets, and not a new one, through which he passed had his own name inscribed upon it. It will be imagined, perhaps, that this flattered his vanity, but this it was very far from doing. If he had come upon his own statue, as large as life, he would have been no better pleased. M. Berthet, indeed, was exceedingly disgusted, for it is not the custom in France to name streets after living celebrities, and it was only too evident that his own townfolk, in common with the rest of his fellow-countrymen, had long come to the conclusion that he was dead and buried. A more painful evidence of the fact that the world is capable of getting on without one could hardly have been presented to one’s notice. Everyone calculates on making a little sensation by his demise, but even this, in poor M. Berthet’s case, would seem to have been discounted.

There are probably very few people who read these “Notes” who have been actually in want of a shilling: they may have owed more than they possessed, or found themselves exceed-

ingly short in the matter of ready money, or experienced various degrees of inconvenience from the absence of a balance at their banker’s; but all that is entirely different from being not only shillingless, but unable to raise a shilling. Gentlemen who have had that experience assure me there is nothing like it for opening one’s eyes to human nature, the views of life taken from that position being so very advantageous for observing it. It would also (they say) have a powerful influence upon one’s theological opinions, but that it so urgently presses itself on the attention that there is no time to entertain any. The two questions, ordinarily so unimportant, “Where am I to eat? Where am I to sleep?” monopolise all the powers of the human mind. The story of the Chicago millionaire who fell among thieves at Monte Carlo, lost his letters of credit and all his money, and became a homeless vagrant whom nobody would believe to be anything but a tramp, is so beautifully illustrative of the position in question that it seems too good to be true. It is incredible that no one would believe one word he had to say—unless, indeed, he insisted upon telling the whole truth, “Dear Christian friends, I am a millionaire!” when, of course, they said “Oh, yes!” (meaning “Oh, no!”) It is improbable that he should not have found one human being fool enough to believe his story, or, at least, a part of it. A Chicago millionaire may not be a very attractive-looking person, to start with; but that he should have been put in prison by the authorities at Nice for begging, and be eventually sent home in the steerage of the steamer with a cargo of organ-grinders and white mice, without a chance of explanation, appears to be piling the thing up a little too high! Edifying as must have been his experience, however, it is not to be compared with the good it would have done him had he been a born aristocrat in the like condition—a young English Duke, for example. What prevents the position of the “submerged tenth” being thoroughly understood is the fact that no one who takes them in hand has ever been himself “submerged.” And for this purpose it would be well worth the while of a philanthropist, who did not shrink from a little temporary martyrdom, to see how he would get on for a week, whether in Nice or London, without a penny in his pocket, and no friends. To well-to-do people it seems impossible that, even with a bad hat and holes in their shoes, they should fail to meet with friends and believers, or find themselves in a world which gives them the choice of but two residences—the workhouse and the jail: but, however painful may be the reflection to our self-love, that is what would probably happen.

The views of an anti-everythingarian are not of much consequence, because nobody (outside photography) can make a negative attractive. Count Tolstoi has run amuck against every institution, human and divine, but with a singular want of judgment. He has not only used up his materials too quickly, but in the wrong order. An iconoclast who understands his business begins with the lower limbs, and reserves the head of his idol for the catastrophe. The Count has begun his campaign by attacking love and marriage, and thereby exhausted the public interest. He is not the first who has selected those subjects for opprobrium. Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Bellay, wrote a book of tales “to inspire horror and disgust for love,” which, strange to say, Southey had never read, for he writes, “I should like to read it.” But then the Bishop did not commence his literary career with this unpromising work. He probably began with attacking cribbage or cricket, worked his way into vegetarianism and teetotal principles, and put a veto upon everything else worth having before he entered upon his plan for nipping the whole human race in the bud. The Count, on the contrary, first preaches a universal sterility, and then fires off a denunciation of cigarette-smoking. There was a time, he owns—before he grew dissatisfied with the scheme of creation—when he was himself partial to this infamous practice. He found it useful in stifling the voice of conscience when he was about to misbehave himself. He even tells us a story of a gentleman who hesitated about committing a murder, but, after a few whiffs of a cigarette, found himself equal to the occasion. This is not only sad stuff, but very pitiable, and suggests something more deplorable than the madness with which great wits are said to be allied: it smacks less of Hanwell than of Earlswood.

In ordinary cases, the amazing impertinence of imputing a desire to drown the conscience in those who are addicted to the soothing weed would be unpardonable, but when egotism and fanaticism join hands one wonders at nothing. Humour is not the strong point of Russian novelists, or we might have been favoured with a charming picture of Mr. Spurgeon stifling “the still small voice” with tobacco, after a day in his Tabernacle. In England, it would seem, this attribute is inherited, for nothing in the writings of Thackeray exceeds in humour Mrs. Ritchie’s recent description of her father’s entertainment to the author of “Jane Eyre”—how, after many attempts to “draw out” his distinguished guest, her monosyllabic replies became intolerable, and he walked off to his club, it is only too likely “stifling his conscience” as he went with a cigar of unusual magnitude.

A German professor has been experimenting with tobacco upon the animal world, and they all like it. Goats, stags, and llamas delight in it; they do not, indeed, smoke (like the Grand Lama), but they devour cigars with infinite relish. The brown bear, unlike the lady who writes to the papers in the dull season, has not only no objection to having “cigar-smoke puffed in his face,” but seems to welcome it as an appreciative idol drinks in incense. The lion sneezes, but, like a snuff-taker, asks for more of what makes him sneeze. Of course, it is possible that the professor may have been ministering to their worst vices, and stifling the “low beginnings” of penitence and remorse in their shaggy breasts, but that is not his view.

It is curious that while the most eminent commercial houses do not scorn the smallest details of advertisement, they often omit to give an admiring world the number of their street. Messrs. Jones, Piccadilly, or Messrs. Jones, Regent-street, is supposed to be an address that will find them from any spot in the civilised world, and so it may—by post; but when we personally have occasion to call at Messrs. Jones’s establishment we do not arrive by that conveyance. We generally come in a cab, and the cabman does not know Messrs. Jones’s number. The difficulty is not, of course, insurmountable, but what a piece of “cheek” and “side” it is in these merchant-princes to decline to make use of a system invented for the general convenience! Even if they have half a dozen houses, as they often have, they can surely put on the headings of their bills Nos. 1 to 5, and save their customers from inconvenience. Their establishment is a highly respectable one, but it is neither Westminster Abbey nor St. Paul’s, that they can thus take for granted that everybody is personally acquainted with it. Our provincial and foreign correspondents are often still more to blame, for, though stating with particularity the name of their street, they omit the name of the town in which it is situated. This, also, arises from “brag,” though of a municipal rather than a personal kind. They think everybody must know their miserable town. Of course if one keeps the envelope one may discover this, but it is surely as easy to print an address in full upon one’s notepaper as only half of it.

HOME NEWS.

In anticipation of the Queen’s visit to Florence, there have been some very exaggerated rumours afloat concerning the fever epidemic in the beautiful city. Typhoid fever has, it is true, largely prevailed in the poorer quarters, and very severely has the municipality been blamed for it, but it is now on the wane. The stories of processions and crowded churches are pure inventions.

Her Majesty starts for Florence on March 23. According to present arrangements, the Duke of Rutland and Lord Cadogan are to be successively the Cabinet Ministers in attendance on the Queen during her Majesty’s stay on the Continent.

There were some private theatricals at Osborne on Feb. 7, and again on Feb. 10, in which their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princess Beatrice took part. The Queen will move the Court from Osborne to Windsor on Feb. 18. Her Majesty will travel over the South-Western Railway, via Portsmouth, reaching the castle in the afternoon. The Queen, it is understood, will come to London on March 3 and 12, for the purpose of holding the first two Drawingrooms of the season, on March 4 and 13.

The Duchess of Albany, who has been staying at Osborne with the Queen, has returned to Claremont, and will shortly proceed to Cannes, on a visit to Miss Percival, at the Villa Nevada.

Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary, attended the conferring of degrees at Trinity College, Dublin, on Feb. 10, for the purpose of receiving the honorary degree of LL.D., and was the object of an enthusiastic demonstration. The examination-hall was thronged to excess, the audience including many distinguished persons. The National Anthem was sung, the entire company standing as Mr. Balfour entered, accompanied by the chief dignitaries of the college. The appearance of the Chief Secretary was the signal for an outburst of deafening cheers, and these were renewed again and again. Mr. Balfour was shown to a seat on the platform, when the plaudits were renewed, and the students sang “For he’s a jolly good fellow!” So great was the clamour for a speech on the part of the students that Mr. Balfour finally addressed to them a few words of thanks. The history of Trinity College was, he said, bound up with the most splendid traditions of the Irish nation, and he hoped that its future might be as illustrious as its past. On driving back to the castle Mr. Balfour’s carriage was followed by hundreds of students shouting enthusiastically.

Cardiff is the centre of one of the periodical labour struggles of which we now hear so much. The men employed by the Bute Dock Company demand that the company shall not employ any hands unless they are Trade Unionists. Sir W. T. Lewis, representing the company, replies that when the Bute Dock Company engage hands at the docks they do not ask any applicant whether he is a Unionist or a non-Unionist: they only insist that he shall be a competent workman, and the shipowners denounce as unjust the attempt of the Union to prevent a seaman who does not choose to become a Unionist from being employed.

At a meeting held in the Westminster Townhall on Feb. 10, under the presidency of the Earl of Meath, a resolution was unanimously passed pledging support to the Bills for admitting women to the membership of County Councils. Lady Sandhurst, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Miss Cobden, and Miss Cons were among the ladies present.

The issue of the political situation, so far as Ireland is concerned, is still in doubt. Mr. Parnell has written a letter declaring that he is less sanguine of reuniting Ireland than he recently was; and the fact that he has been the subject of fierce and uncompromising denunciation by Archbishops and Bishops of the Irish Catholic Church does not make for peace. As to the terms of settlement, they are sufficiently stated by both parties, the McCarthyites affirming that the basis is Mr. Parnell’s unqualified retirement, the Parnellites affirming that Mr. Dillon is to replace Mr. McCarthy in the chairmanship of the party, that written assurances have been received from the Liberal leaders as to the Home Rule Bill, and that Mr. Parnell’s retirement is only temporary. On the whole, it seems doubtful whether this powerful and sinister figure will really be eclipsed.

In Parliament the Government have met with a stubborn resistance to the Tithes Bill from the Welsh contingent, who have fought it clause by clause with a pertinacity which moved Mr. Smith to adopt means for quickening its passage. Behind it lies the prospect of a debate, raised by Mr. John Morley, on the events in Tipperary. On the question of Catholic disabilities in respect of the Lord Chancellorship of England and the Lord Lieutenantancy of Ireland, no progress has been made since the defeat of Mr. Gladstone’s enabling Bill by a majority of thirty-three. The Attorney-General has refused to give his opinion on the still doubtful point whether Catholics are disabled from serving under the present law, as modified by the Act of 1863. Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Day are of opinion that the offices are open to Catholics; while other Judges take the opposite view.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHARLES LAMB'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.



THE LATE MRS. EDWARD MOXON.

One of the few remaining links that united the present with the literary past of the earlier years of our century has been severed by the death of the widow of the "poets' publisher," Edward Moxon, which occurred at Brighton on Feb. 2. Mrs. Moxon had attained the ripe age of eighty-two years, and was the Emma Isola, the "nut-brown maid," the "girl of gold," the adopted daughter of Charles and Mary Lamb, of whom the gentle-hearted author of the "Essays of Elia" speaks with such warm affection in various of his charming letters. Writing to his friend Procter (Barry Cornwall) in January 1829, Lamb says, incidentally: "I have another favour to beg, which is the beggarliest of beggings—a few lines of verse for a lady's album (six will be enough). M. Burney will tell you who she is I want 'em for. A girl of gold. Six lines—make 'em eight—signed Barry C.—. They need not be very good, as I chiefly want 'em as a foil to mine. But I shall be seriously obliged by any refusal scrap. We are in the last ages of the world, when St. Paul prophesied that women should be 'headstrong,' lovers of their own wills, having albums." It was for Miss Isola that Lamb wanted the lines.

Emma Isola was Italian by extraction. In the latter years of the last century there lived at Cambridge, as a Professor of Languages, an Italian gentleman, Agostino Isola, who had been compelled to leave Milan, it was said, because a prohibited English book had been found on his table. Gray, the poet, William Pitt, and, nearly at the end of his life, Wordsworth were numbered among Agostino Isola's pupils. His son, Charles Isola, took a degree at Emmanuel College, and was afterwards chosen one of the "Esquire bedells" of the University: a shy, retiring man, described as "ready to undertake any duty that did not include dining with a large party." Mr. Charles Isola's daughter Emma was born in 1809. She was early left an orphan, and as a child attracted the notice and won the regard of Lamb, who, with his sister, sometimes made a holiday visit to Cambridge, and saw the little girl at his friend Mr. Ayton's, at whose house he played many an evening rubber. Both Charles and Mary Lamb took a great fancy to the child, who for a series of years became accustomed to pass her holidays with them, and was afterwards domiciled in their house almost as a daughter. She used to accompany Lamb in his rambles about Enfield, and he taught her Latin. She was afterwards for a time in the family of a clergyman and his wife as governess. Writing to Bernard Barton, Lamb excuses himself for having "condescended to acrostics" by explaining that they were written "at the request of the lady where our Emma is, to whom I paid a visit in April to bring home Emma for a change of air after a severe illness, in which she has been treated like a daughter by the good parson and his whole family."

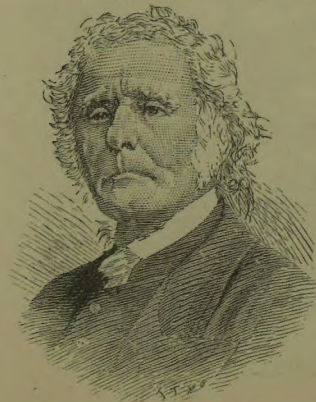
At Lamb's Miss Isola made the acquaintance of Mr. Edward Moxon. "He is the young poet of Christmas," writes Lamb to Barton, "whom the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory' has set up in the book-vending business with a volunteered loan of £500. Such munificence is rare to an almost stranger, but Rogers, I am told, has done many good-natured things of this kind."

To Mr. Moxon Miss Isola was married on July 30, 1833. For some years the publishing business flourished, and the works of various poets—Rogers and Tennyson among the number—were issued by the house. But misfortunes came at last, and the house became involved in difficulties, in the midst of which Mr. Moxon died. The result of the complications was, however, better than might have been expected. Messrs. Ward and Lock came forward, with an offer to pay all the creditors to the estate fifteen shillings in the pound. They fought, in the law-courts, the battle of the family against the manager, who set up extensive claims to copyrights, &c., and, taking over the property, paid to Mrs. Moxon a large sum, and, moreover, agreed to pay that lady an annuity of £250, and a further sum to the family on her death. This was in 1877, and for fourteen years the deceased lady enjoyed the provision thus made for her. How great a position she occupied in the affections and home thoughts of Elia and his sister is abundantly testified in the correspondence of the immortal "Carolus Agnus," by whom her husband also was regarded as a dear and valued friend.

Mrs. Moxon leaves one son, Mr. Arthur Moxon, and five daughters. She was buried on Feb. 5 in the Brighton Cemetery.

THE OLDEST WELSH MINISTER.

The Rev. William Evans, of Ton-yr-Efail, Cardiff, a Minister of the Calvinist Methodist Connexion, who died on Feb. 5, in the ninety-sixth year of his age, was the most ancient of the religious Fathers of Wales surviving the historical separation of the Methodists from the Established Church. Born in April 1795, he began preaching at eighteen years of age, married in 1814, entered the ministry in 1818, and was ordained in 1825. His services were much in demand, being frequently associated with those of such preachers as John Elias, Ebenezer Morris, Ebenezer Richard, and others noted in the Welsh Methodist Church.



THE LATE REV. WILLIAM EVANS, PATRIARCH OF THE WELSH PULPIT.

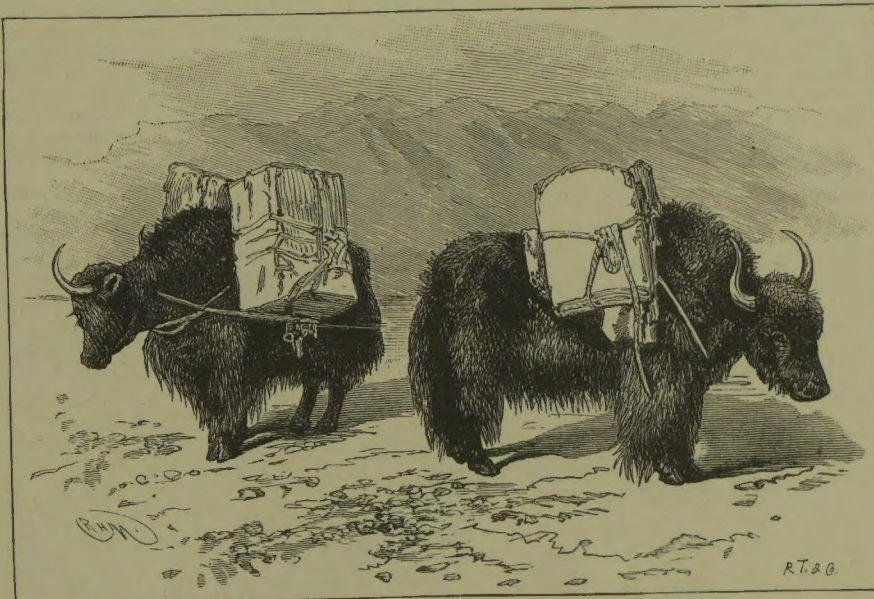
In 1826 he visited London, and occupied the pulpit of Jewin-street Chapel two months. He was again in London for a like term in 1834, and on three or four subsequent occasions, the last time being in 1854. He held all the positions of honour in

his Church, and on three occasions delivered the Ordination Charge—namely, in 1846 at Llandovery, in 1850 at Llangetho, and in 1868 at Cardigan. In 1867 he was elected Moderator of the South Wales Association. He continued able to preach till he was ninety-four, and to the end he had all his faculties. He has left a son aged seventy-four, a grandson of fifty, a great-grandson of thirty, and a great-great-granddaughter six years of age.

TRAVELS OF PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS IN THIBET.

Among the notable recent exploits of travel in the cause of geographical knowledge is that conducted by M. Gabriel Bonvalot, of the French Geographical Society, accompanied by Prince Henry of Orleans, eldest son of the Duke de Chartres, in the mountainous region and elevated plateau of Central Asia, between the Altai range to the north, or the Tien-shan, "the Celestial Mountains," to the north-west, and the Himalaya ranges to the south, with those extending far eastward to China. The country of Thibet, widely regarded, comprising the whole of the region, occupies nearly 700,000 square miles, nowhere below 10,000 ft. in elevation, generally 12,000 ft. above the sea-level, and many parts have scarcely been explored by European travellers. In those rugged uplands, with their severe climate, long journeys must always be extremely laborious and attended with personal hardships and fatigues; but the physical difficulties are less than the political, from the hostility of the Lamas, the Buddhist ecclesiastical corporation ruling Thibet, and from the unfriendly intrigues of Chinese officials, who oppose the approach of foreign visitors. Few have ever been able to see Lhasa, the sequestered capital of Thibet; and this is the first European expedition that has traversed the whole region, from the Russian provinces of Siberia or Turkestan to the French colony of Tonquin, south of the Chinese Empire. The remarkable journey of fifteen hundred miles, from north-west to south-east, accomplished by M. Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans, with the Belgian missionary priest, Father de Deken, from Kuldja, on the Chinese frontier of Turkestan, over the Tien-shan range, then southward from the Lob Nor Lake to the Tengri Nor, near Lhasa, and eastward to Batang, thence to Yunnan, in southern China, is a performance of great interest. They left France in July 1889, and returned on Nov. 22, 1890, since which arrival they have been entertained with many tokens of honour and approval in Parisian society, the more willingly, perhaps, as they bring favourable reports of the French settlements in Tonquin.

The party above named, with three attendants, Bartholo-



YAKS IN THIBET (TRAVELS OF PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS).

meus, a Chinese Christian, Rachmed, an Usbek Tartar, and Abdullah, who had travelled with the Russian Prjevalsky, leading a company of men hired at Tashkend or Kuldja, with a train of camels, horses, and asses, were seven months on the journey, not meeting a single European. In the winter season, crossing the desolate country between the lakes Lob Nor and Tengri Nor, far from any inhabited district, they travelled for two months and a half, making their way over glaciers, eating the flesh of sheep they had taken with them, and drinking tea made with melted ice, which was found to be very salt. They were exposed to violent storms, while destitute of the means of protection. Their followers lost all courage in the midst of that dreadful solitude, and two of them died from lethargy brought on by cold. More fortunate than the Russian caravan which took a similar route—of which nothing has been heard since its departure, and which is supposed to have been lost amid the glaciers—they succeeded in descending the slopes of the eastern ranges, arrived at Batang in May, and reached the Chinese town of Ta-tsin-lu at midsummer, whence they proceeded southward through Yunnan to Tonquin. We may expect an interesting book from M. Bonvalot, with reports on the geographical data, topographical observations, the notes and collections he has brought home with him.

Our Illustrations are from photographs by M. Bonvalot, communicated to us at the request of Prince Henry of Orleans.

SHERIFFS AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The ceremony of the Sheriffs of London presenting a petition at the Bar of the House of Commons is the subject of our Illustration. The Sheriffs, arriving at the House, are received by the Speaker's Private Secretary, and the Remembrancer, an officer of the City Corporation, informs the Speaker of their being in attendance. As soon as the House is formed, the Speaker sends for them to appear at the Bar. As they approach the door, the Speaker asks the Serjeant-at-Arms, "Whom have you here?" The Serjeant-at-Arms replies, "The Sheriffs of London." The Speaker then says, "Let them be admitted!" Then the Serjeant-at-Arms walks up to the table, takes the mace, and goes down with the mace to the door. The Sheriffs, having the Serjeant-at-Arms, with his mace on his shoulder, on their right hand, and the Remembrancer in the middle, advance to the Bar. In approaching the Bar they make three reverences to the Speaker, who, addressing the Sheriffs, says, "Mr. Sheriff, what have you there?" To which the senior Sheriff answers, "A petition from the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of the City of London, which we are directed to present to your Honourable House." Herewith the senior Sheriff delivers the petition to the junior clerk of the table, who is in attendance to receive it. The Serjeant-at-Arms, Sheriffs, and Remembrancer then

retire from the Bar, making three reverences as before. The Sheriffs and Remembrancer take their places in the House, under the Speaker's Gallery. They usually, on these occasions, dine at the House, with the members for the City of London and others as their guests.

QUICKSILVER-MINING IN MEXICO.

No country of North America has made more rapid progress in the last decade of years than the Republic of Mexico; and since the opening of its railway system fresh fields of agriculture and mineral wealth are constantly being taken in hand and developed. The recent construction of the branch of the Mexican Central Railway, between the State of San Luis Potosi and the Port of Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, has opened up to English capital another of the rich mineral zones of that country. In the centre of this zone, a short distance from the new railway, is the quaint old town of Guadalcázar, which, though 6000 ft. above the level of the sea, is situated in a fertile and well-cultivated valley, securing for it in these tropical latitudes an equable and balmy climate, varying little from 70 to 75 deg. the year round. Although a town of only 8000 inhabitants, it would, with its plazas, its wealth of semi-tropical foliage, orange-trees, and flowering cacti, its cathedral, churches, dazzling white houses, and the brilliant costumes of its inhabitants, rival, if not excel, the picturesqueness of many better-known and larger cities of Southern Spain and Italy, with also their similar characteristics, bad feeding and unsavouriness—not to put too fine a point on it. To one with a healthy and European appetite it is a little trying when the chickens (sixpence each) prove tougher than fiddle-strings, and when, with a ravenous appetite, one has to make a meal of tortillas and beans, with garlic and pepper added.

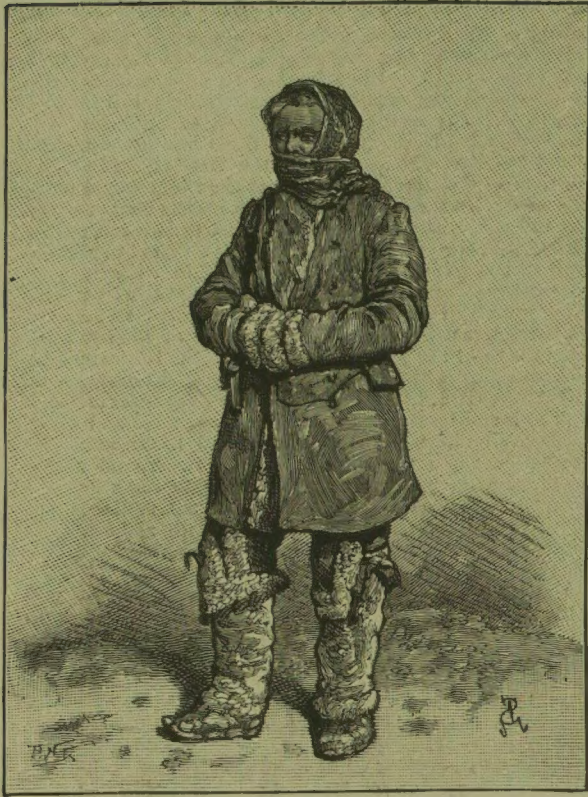
The district surrounding Guadalcázar for miles is a great mineral zone, containing gold, silver, copper, antimony, and quicksilver. Except the silver mines, the only developed portion of this zone is the quicksilver mines of Guadalcázar, which have been worked for over a century by the Mexicans, and which have lately been acquired by an English company—The Guadalcázar Quicksilver Mines Limited. These mines are situated in a range of mountains about six miles north-west of the town. Here work is being energetically proceeded with in scientific methods with surprising results, and these mines now bid fair to outstrip the celebrated quicksilver mines of Almadén in Spain and New Almadén in California. Judging from the amount of quicksilver already produced and sold since the company began working the property, and which has been obtained only from the output of the development work, driving the tunnels and cross-cuts to put the large main ore bodies in readiness to supply the modern furnaces, there seems but little doubt that, in future, Mexico will be able to supply her own increasingly heavy consumption of mercury from her own mines. It should be observed that mining for quicksilver is quite unlike mining for gold, silver, or other precious metal. It partakes more of the character of coal-mining, and is practically an industrial enterprise.

The ceremony of taking possession of a Mexican mining property, as represented in our Illustration, is very interesting. The new owner stands at the mouth of the mines, and the late owner takes him by the hand and leads him into the mine. The previous owner then picks up a handful of ore and places it in the hands of the new purchaser, thereby signifying that he has handed the property over to him; but, in case any third party may have any claim, the Judge in attendance then reads a declaration of titles, and demands if any one present knows of "any true or just impediment, to speak now or hold his peace for ever." There being no one to forbid the transfer, the new owner has then to assert his right of proprietorship, which is done by his ordering into the mine some of the workmen and getting them to take out a few bags of ore, which they empty or dump outside. Preparatory to the ceremony the picture of the patron saint of the mine is worshipped at

the mine chapel, and hymns are sung. Needless to say, the Mexican miners are very superstitious, and, for some reason or other best known to themselves, will not allow a female into the mine. Indeed, in some remote districts of Mexico, a female would be murdered by the miners if she attempted to enter the mine, as her presence would be considered a certain forerunner of disaster. However, this very superstition brings its strict religious obligation at Guadalcázar. Every morning, before the work is commenced, all hands join in prayer, and not a stroke of work would be done in the mine if this custom were not rigidly adhered to.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: "King John" at Oxford, The Late Mr. John Dixon and Mr. Alexander Johnston, "My Danish Sweetheart," Burmese Sketches, Fine Art Society's Exhibition, A Goorkha Festival, From the Thames to Siberia, St. Martin-in-the-Fields Free Library, Persian Sketches.

The *rentée* of Dr. Joachim is always a great night at the Monday Pops, and the present season has not offered an exception to the rule. Amateurs assembled in force on Feb. 9 to do honour to the famous fiddler, and accorded him a welcome which, for affectionate warmth and unanimous spontaneity, we have never seen surpassed on any similar occasion. The "king of violinists" was in his best form. With irreproachable intonation and faultless purity of style he "led" Brahms's horn trio in E flat and Beethoven's septet, in addition to giving as a solo the Romance from his own "Hungarian" concerto. The latter evoked an irresistible encore, for which he played one of his arrangements of Brahms's "Hungarian Dances," and even then the audience was apparently fain to hear more. In the trio, Dr. Joachim's coudjutors were Miss Fanny Davies and Mr. Paersch; the young English pianist being also heard alone in Schumann's Romance in F sharp and Madame Schumann's Scherzo in D minor. She played with exceptional charm and depth of sentiment, and after three recalls further delighted her auditors with an exquisitely crisp rendering of one of Mendelssohn's "Characteristic Pieces," Op. 7. The vocalist was Madame Bertha Moore, who sang Schumann's "Mondnacht" and Henschel's "Spinning-Wheel Song." At the concert of Feb. 7 there was also a crowded attendance, attracted, in spite of the black fog, by the announcement of Schubert's octet and Mr. Santley's singing. These were far more interesting and welcome features than the violoncello sonata by Mr. Emanuel Moor, introduced by Signor Piatti and Mr. Schönbeger. The work is not without merit as an example of the Brahms school, but there are surely many chamber compositions by English musicians more deserving of Mr. Chappell's attention.



PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS.



M. BONVALOT.



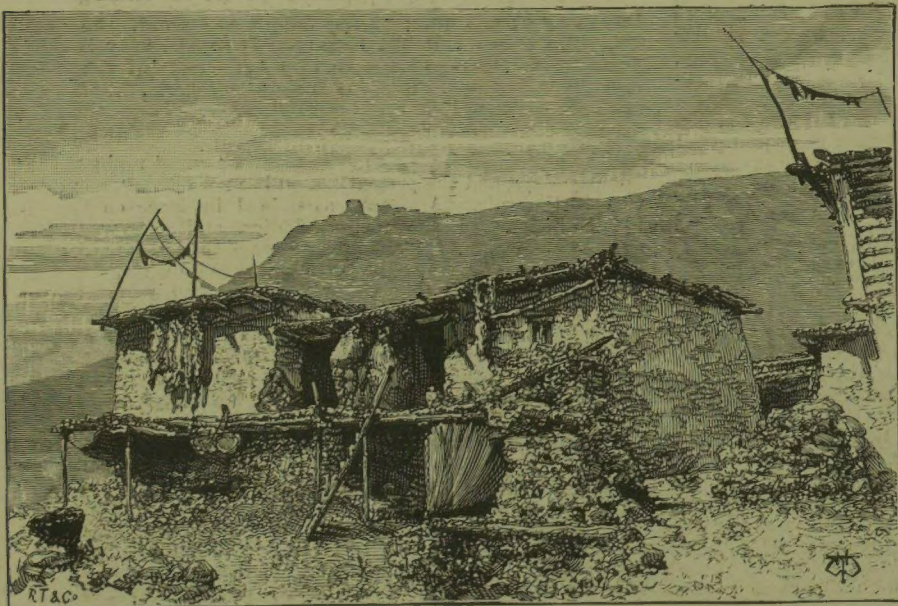
FATHER DE DEKEN.



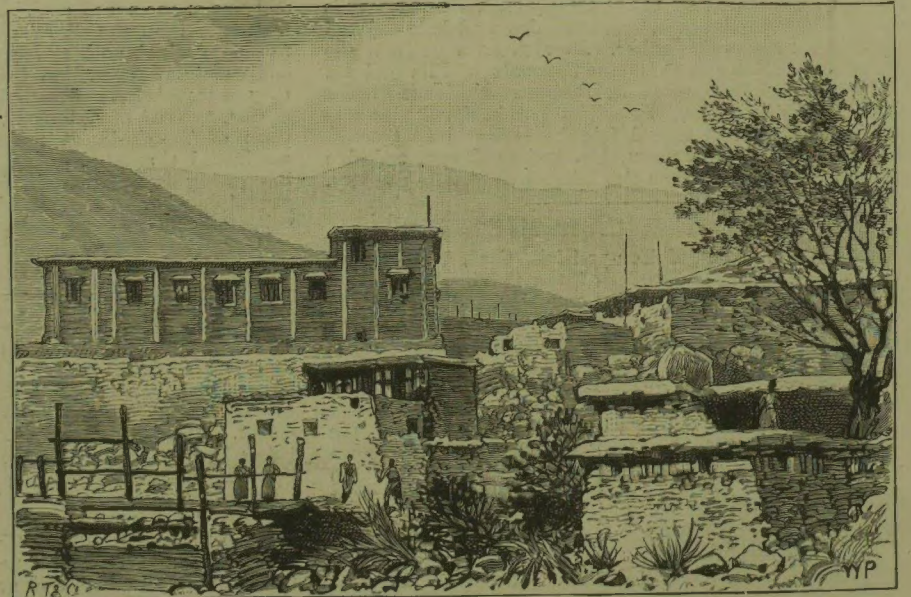
CAMP AT TCHARKALIK, LOB NOR.



MASKED DANCER IN THIBET.

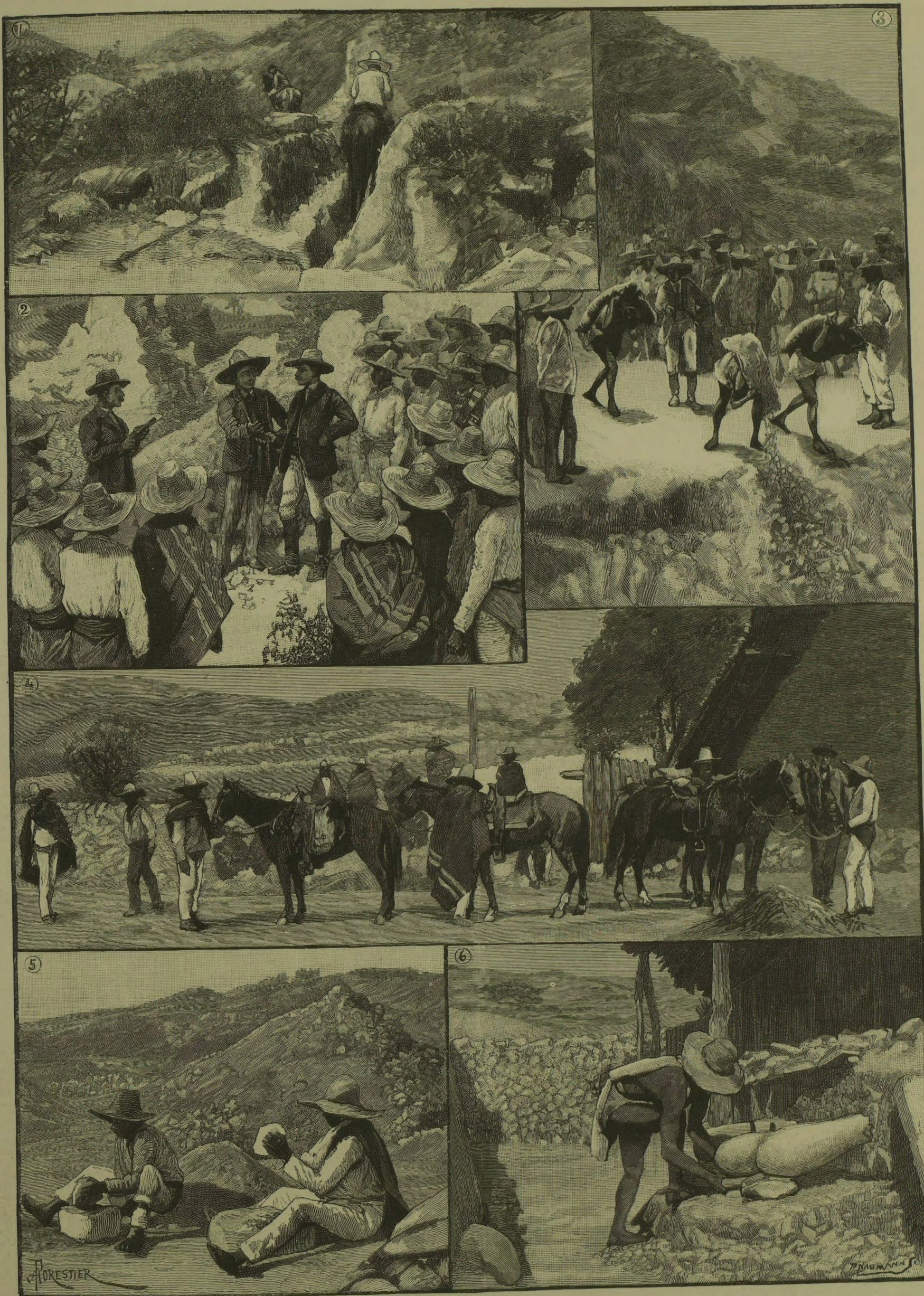


THIBETAN HOUSE, BETWEEN LHASA AND BATANG.



BATANG, FRONTIER OF THIBET AND CHINA.

THE JOURNEY OF PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS THROUGH THIBET.



1. Road to the Mines through the Cañon of the Porphyry Mountain.
2. and 3. Ceremony of the English Company receiving Possession.

4. Preparing to Start for Outlying Mines.
6. Indian tending crude Mexican Furnace.

5. Indians breaking Ore.

QUICKSILVER-MINING IN MEXICO: THE GUADALCAZAR QUICKSILVER-MINES.

"KING JOHN" PLAYED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB.

It is surely some justification of the policy of the University authorities in removing the absolute veto which long lay upon the drama in Oxford that such plays as "Strafford" (last year) and "King John" (this year) should have engaged



KING JOHN (MR. H. IRVING, JUN.)

the attention and exercised the powers of the undergraduates' dramatic society.

A generous treatment is generally accorded to amateur acting by the critic, and the need for such generosity is usually pretty severely felt, but at Oxford during the past two years this indulgence has scarcely been needed by the principal performers. In Mr. H. B. Irving, who created the part of Strafford last year and to-day fills the title-role of Shakspeare's play, the Oxford Society possesses an actor

of real power and of great promise. Earnest, intelligent, imaginative, and gifted with a rich voice and graceful person, Mr. Irving bids fair, should he ever adopt the stage as his profession, to add fresh lustre to the name he bears. His conception of King John is noteworthy for its consistence and force. He makes him, above all, royal, proud, remorseful, swayed by temptation, smitten by ill-fortune, cool-brained, cold-hearted, but never lacking the grace and generosity and personal charm which we always associate with such men as Edward IV. and Charles II., whose vices never affected the popularity that waited on their footsteps, though their evil lives were notorious. In the scenes with the Bastard, with Hubert, and with the barons, the complexities of the character are well exemplified. In the scene with the Legate and the French King, clearly the most representative in the whole play, John stands for something

QUEEN ELINOR (MISS FEYTCHE).

higher—for the "Majesty of England," the "imperial pride" which the Elizabethans felt as we ourselves feel it, and the defiance to Rome as an alien power rings true enough, though the lips that speak it are not clean from treachery and words of death. The death-scene is a piece of acting which for delicacy and restrained power deserves the special commendation it has received from enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Irving had the support of Mrs. Charles Sim, a well-known amateur, whose intelligent and pathetic delineation of Constance

left little to be desired. The great scene, difficult as it is, where the maddened Princess pours out her wrongs before God and man, was played with sincerity, and a legitimate effect was obtained from those wonderful last lines:—

And so he'll die; and, rising so again
When I shall meet him in the court of Heaven
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Of the rest of the company little need be written. The Bastard Faulconbridge was played briskly by Mr. Mackinnon, whose energy was welcome. Among the secondary characters, the Legate was very adequately played by Mr. Stewart; Hubert and the little Prince drew much applause; and that clever stage-child, Miss Mabel Hoare, deserved the plaudits as well as her older comrade. The dresses and appointments, generously lent by Mr. Irving from the Lyceum stores and armoury, added immensely to the stage effect. The "supers," who, as amateurs, would probably resent the omission of some notice, were—well—satisfactory, as amateur supers.

We congratulate the club on a success which, it is hoped, will fill coffers which, it is whispered, were reduced by the expenses of the Greek plays of former years. Visitors, of whom there have been many from "the profession" itself, have condescended to acknowledge the care and enthusiasm displayed by their amateur imitators and rivals, and to allow that, as a nursery for the higher ranks of the dramatic life, Oxford may yet become the centre of a useful work hitherto left to chance and fate.

A word of praise is owing to Countess Radnor, whose orchestra, conducted by herself, provided the music for the piece, and added an artistic charm to the performance which was much appreciated.

The work of criticism over, one can afford to think a little about the play itself. It is a good acting play, and, in spite of the fact that Shakspeare is merely furbishing up an old hack-drama which had been a favourite in its day but needed revision, it contains a great deal of pure Shakspearean matter. The monologue on "commodity" which recalls Launce and even Falstaff, the Æschylean woe of Constance, the noble patriotic note so repeatedly struck throughout the play, these are the master's, and his alone. Then to note how he has improved the play by his excision of a deal of intolerable stuff, coarse, brutal attacks on the monks and nuns, written to please the strong stomach of the Edwardian nobility, but rightly detestable to Elizabeth and her Court. The subtle way, foreshadowing Macbeth, in which the King's blood-guiltiness towards Arthur brings on the catastrophe of the play is notable, as is the way in which Constance and Elinor fill the first half of the play, while Hubert and the children occupy much of the action during the latter portion, the thread of simple devotion and honest patriotism and common-sense being typified by Faulconbridge, who contrasts with the false faith of France the braggart cowardice of Austria, and the uncontrolled selfishness of John.

The play is in many ways, as Shakspeare's early pieces often are, a preparation for later and greater dramas, but it is, none the less, an elaborate work of art, the harmonies of which are not easily caught by mere perusal, but which reveal themselves very clearly in the actual representation. Shakspeare always draws at Oxford, and of late years the word has not spelt "bankruptcy" even in London. Such performances as the present certainly give a lasting pleasure to the spectator, while they are not without an educational value to the actors themselves.

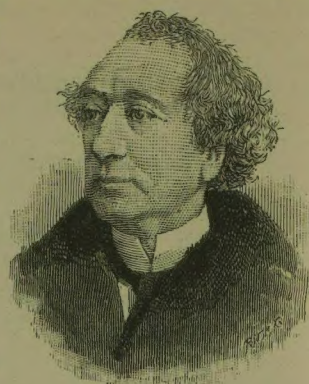
Our Portrait of the late Mrs. Moxon is from a photograph by Lombardi and Co.; that of the late Rev. W. Evans, from one by Mr. W. Morgan, of Dowlais; that of the late Mr. John Dixon, by Mr. Palmer, of Croydon; that of Sir John Macdonald, by Mr. Topley, of Ottawa, Canada; Alderman Manfield, of Northampton, by Messrs. W. H. Midwinter and Co., Bristol; and Mr. R. Germaine, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.

Prince George of Wales opened the Jamaica Exhibition at Kingston on Jan. 27. The gun-boat under his command was accompanied by six other British war-vessels; and there were also in the port one Russian and two Spanish war-ships. The streets of the capital were gaily decorated. The Prince replied to an address from the Mayor, and then visited the Exhibition, which he declared open.

Mr. Gladstone has taken a house in Park-lane for the Session. The statement has been made that "the house is the selection of Mrs. Gladstone, who recommended it with a view to her husband's opportunities for exercise," and this statement has given *Punch* an opportunity for some exceedingly humorous illustrations. The right hon. gentleman is represented flying down banisters, jumping over library chairs, and in equally amusing situations.

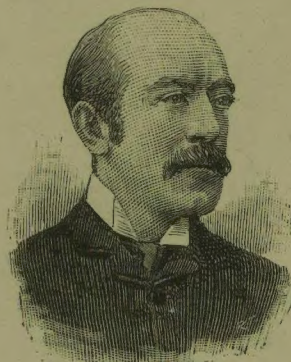
PERSONAL.

Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, who has just challenged a general election, is one of the best-known Prime Ministers of the Empire, and one of the most characteristic figures in it. "Old To-morrow," as he is called, from his habit of putting off inconvenient political questions, is chiefly known here for his historic resemblance to Lord Beaconsfield, which, during his stay in London just before that statesman's death, deceived a number of intimate friends of the Conservative leader, as well as several admirers who saluted him in the streets. In the Dominion Sir John has an unrivalled political reputation, as an astute manager of men and a brilliant strategist, while his personal popularity, arising largely from the social gifts which he shares with the man whose physical prototype he is, is very great.



SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

Mr. R. A. Germaine, who was chosen as the Conservative candidate for Northampton in Mr. Bradlaugh's lifetime, and fought the battle against Mr. Manfield, the Liberal representative, is better known in London than in provincial politics. He was a prominent member of the Oxford Union, and spoke frequently. Coming to town and entering the Bar, he twice stood unsuccessfully for the Hoxton Division, which includes a portion of Mr. Fawcett's old constituency, Professor Stuart being in both cases the Liberal candidate. Mr. Germaine, who is of Jewish extraction, speaks with some fluency and force, and for the last few years has taken a



MR. R. A. GERMAINE.

rather active part in municipal and Imperial politics in London.

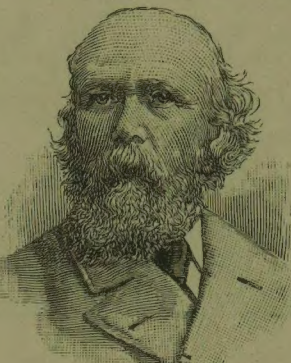
Mr. Manfield, the Liberal candidate, is a man of local reputation. He is a large boot and shoe manufacturer, and supplied the contract for boots for the French Army of the Loire in the Franco-Prussian War. In Northampton politics he has played the part of a moderator between the supporters of Mr. Bradlaugh, of whom Mr. Gurney, the late Mayor, was the leader, and the general body of the Liberal Party. Previous to 1880 he was not reckoned as a supporter of Mr. Bradlaugh, whom he opposed in 1868. At the recent election, however, he united all sections of Liberals, and had the advantage of the energetic support of Mr. Labouchere. On the other hand, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and other leading Conservatives have spoken in Mr. Germaine's interest.

Sir William Gordon Cumming, whose name has at length transpired over the club scandal, which has been the open talk of the clubs for the last few weeks, and who is now bringing an action for slander against Mrs. Arthur Wilson and others, is one of the most promising officers in the British Army. He particularly distinguished himself in the Egyptian campaigns, is a Major in the Scots Guards, and bears out the family reputation as a slayer of "big game." Sir William is a member of the Prince of Wales's "set."

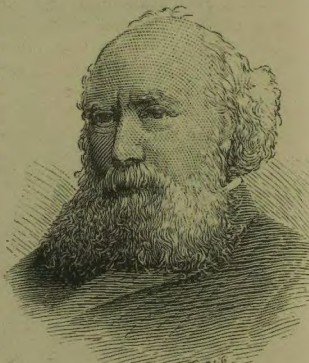
Lord Lymington, who took charge of the opposition to Mr. James Rowlands's proposal to abolish the Livery Franchise, is one of the many young men who have come up to Parliament with a certain University reputation for speech-making. In his old Balliol days he was a diligent attendant at the Union, got up "subjects," read papers in his rooms, and generally trained himself hard for politics, on what were then fairly advanced lines, having the singular advantage of a very able seconder in his mother, the Countess of Portsmouth. In the House he speaks well, with clearness, and sometimes with a degree of force, though his manner is not altogether in his favour. He is Whig to the backbone, and is not without ideas.

The St. James's Club has just paid a very high compliment to M. Georges Pallain, the Director-General of Customs for France, and the author of several valuable works on Talleyrand, by electing him a life member of that very diplomatic institution. M. Pallain is, we believe, the first foreigner who has been made a permanent member of the St. James's.

The great labour struggle at Cardiff, which has just opened, will certainly reveal one figure of the greatest strength and importance in the person of Sir W. T. Lewis, the manager of the vast organisation of industry known as the Bute Docks. Sir William is barely fifty, but he is already one of the great labour captains of England, and in Wales he is certainly the foremost industrial figure. His origin was extremely humble, for he began life in a mine as a common "door boy" at the ventilating shaft. Since then he has worked himself up to a position of confidential adviser to the Marquis of Bute, now in failing health, and undisputed manager of his vast possessions at Cardiff. His private fortune is also a very large one, being estimated at between £300,000 and £400,000, and few commercial undertakings in Wales are complete without his co-operation or advice. Personally, his characteristics are dogged strength and firmness. He is a very impressive man.



SIR W. T. LEWIS.



ALDERMAN MANFIELD.



PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE (MR. A. M. MACKINNON).



ARTHUR (MISS M. HOARE).

F. YORK POWELL.



HUBERT DE BURGH (MR. E. H. CLARK).

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA (MR. H. LAMBERT).

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I am tolerably familiar with what you may call Parliamentary nerve. I have seen the coolest hands in public life. But all the self-contained politicians I ever knew never approached the superb calm of Mr. Matthews. He sits unruffled through everything, and meets all attacks upon his dignity with a blandness that is perfectly colossal. An average man would have been disturbed by the cries which assailed Mr. Matthews at intervals during the debate on the Religious Disabilities Bill. Gentlemen below the gangway were naturally anxious that a Catholic Home Secretary should favour them with his views about the attitude of the Government. But Mr. Matthews sat serene and silent, as if he had not the smallest personal concern in the affair. Once he suffered himself to be drawn. He explained to Mr. Gladstone his dealings with ecclesiastical patronage, and he did it in a tone of lofty moral superiority that impressed me very much. It was as if he had said: "Really I don't know why you should pester me with your idle curiosity; but I don't mind telling you the facts, which will show the House what a marvel of prudent forethought I am, and what a very erratic and inaccurate old man you are." So far from conveying this impression to Mr. Gladstone's mind, the explanation seemed to afford him infinite entertainment, and it gave a new and lively interest to the Opposition leader's speech, which had already delighted the House. I remember when this master of debate used to display a somewhat different temper. In the days of his first Ministry Mr. Gladstone had another way of dealing with an enemy. It was the favourite device of the young Tory bloods to draw him into forays, out of which they generally came severely mangled. Sometimes the scene was intensely dramatic. In the middle of a fiery sentence the orator would be greeted with a cry of "No, no!" from a back bench opposite. Checking himself like a race-horse brought back on its haunches, with head erect and flashing eye, Mr. Gladstone would inquire, in a low, ominous tone, "Who dares to say no?" And usually the negative gentleman on the back bench shook in his boots, and sought fresh obscurity in his hat. I recollect an evening when Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Chaplin rashly invoked Mr. Gladstone's wrath, and tried to parry the thunderbolt. It was pretty to see him gravely consulting an official work on the table in order to show that a particular event happened "about the time the noble lord was born."

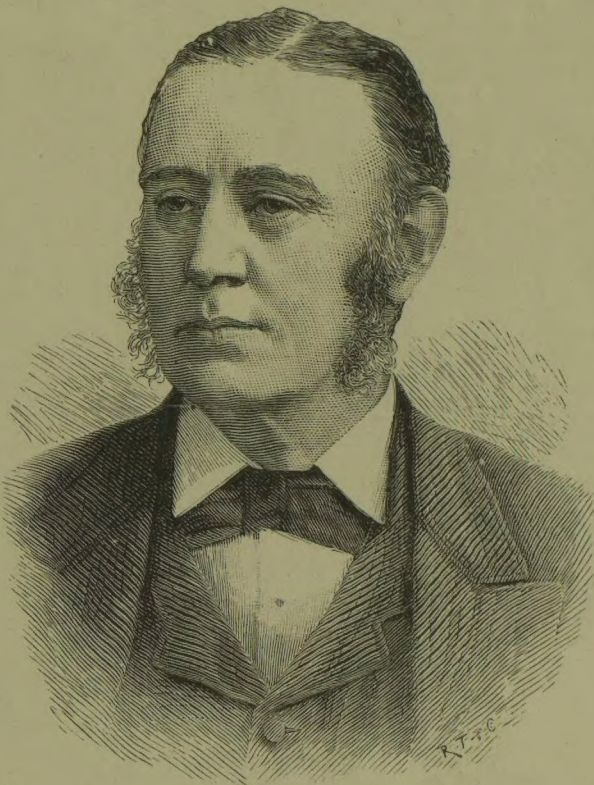
But I am forgetting Mr. Matthews, and his imposing deportment. There is no other manner in the House quite like it, except, perhaps, Mr. De Lisle's. That gentleman suggests an amalgam of the late William Pitt and Mr. Herbert Spencer, though his speech, I imagine, would not remind anybody of either. He is grave and decorous. He sets forth his reasons with statesmanlike deliberation, and when he has presented the argument he says "Very good!" with an air of conviction which provokes the House to mirth. He looks as if Nature had intended to make him a great man, and had suddenly changed her mind, leaving the exterior complete, but the interior unfinished.

A notable contrast to the foregoing type of Parliamentarian is supplied by Mr. James Lowther. Mr. Lowther's intervention in public affairs is very rare. You would never think that he was once Chief Secretary for Ireland, and that he had a Bill for settling everything, but, unfortunately, kept it in a box. Mr. Lowther never troubles himself about Ireland now. His mind has reverted to its original sporting stage, and it was distinctly in his character as a sportsman that he called the attention of the House to the case of Walter Hargan. "Let us go out and kill something!" is the motto of sportsmen. Walter Hargan had killed two men, and naturally he became distinguished in Mr. Lowther's eyes. I do not mean to imply that one of the kindest of beings has any sympathy with manslaughter, but there is no doubt that Mr. Lowther honestly tried to put himself in the position of Hargan, pursued by three ruffians; and from the sportsman's point of view ruffians are fair game. It is a nice ethical point whether an honest man, armed with a revolver, has a right to decide the exact moment when he is justified in firing upon an enemy who has no character to speak of, and who will certainly batter him to a jelly if there is no adequate defence. Perhaps Hargan chose the wrong moment. Perhaps he ought to have waited till he was knocked down, and literally struggling for his life. But Mr. Matthews, as the representative of law, had nothing to do with this hypothesis. He stood on the great principle that in a civilised community people ought not to carry revolvers. It is better that they should be kicked to death by superior numbers than that one of them should set a bad example to the community by taking the law into his own hands and converting it into cartridges. As the exponent of this doctrine, Mr. Matthews rose to a height of moral grandeur which represented the supremacy of Order over the primitive huntsman.

With the glamour of the Home Secretary's personality strong upon me, I found myself in complete sympathy with the Franchise of the City Livery Companies, which was assailed by Mr. Rowlands. Why abolish a privilege which finds such a champion as Lord Lynton? This nobleman has always appealed to my æsthetic sense. I feel there is a common bond between him and the Bauble. It is a poetic delight to see him walk up the floor of the House with the grace of one who sustains the arts while he is devoted to the purely utilitarian business of the country. Sir Robert Fowler was not heard in this debate; but who could resist the sturdy majesty of his presence, or the intonation of his uncomplaining cheer? I feel that, as long as he is in the House, the symbols of Parliamentary authority are safe, and that Black Rod may interrupt the proceedings of the House of Commons at his sovereign will. It was a great sight when this august official cut Mr. Courtney's speech in two, and summoned members to the House of Lords to hear the Royal assent to certain Bills. They do not like this sort of thing below the gangway, but it is a necessary reminder of the antiquity of our institutions. I am by no means easy in my mind, however, about Sheriff Augustus Harris. I suspect him to be a coming Cromwell. When he appeared in his robes to present a petition, I saw his eye light upon me with a hungry gaze. I know he was thinking that the Bauble would look uncommonly well at the head of a procession at Drury-Lane, and wondering whether he could, with orders for the pantomime, bribe the Speaker to permit this outrage. Alarmed by this contingency, I consulted the Attorney-General. He is a pillar of the law; his judgment is most sound. "Would it be legal," I asked, "for Sheriff Harris to carry me off to grace a Cockney holiday?" "My dear Bauble," he replied, without the least hesitation, "this is a point on which there are grievous differences of opinion among lawyers of the greatest eminence. I cannot commit myself either way, and I must warn you that nothing will induce me to abandon this neutral attitude." Such is official caution according to the latest fashion; but what security does it offer to our most ancient bulwarks?

THE LATE MR. JOHN DIXON, C.E.

This eminent civil engineer, whose name deserves to be associated with the transportation of the Egyptian obelisk called "Cleopatra's Needle" from Alexandria to London, died on Jan. 28, at the age of fifty-six. He was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, one of a family long connected with Durham coal-mining, and nephew to the engineer who assisted George Stephenson in constructing the Stockton and Darlington Railway. Having served an apprenticeship in the engine-factory of Robert Stephenson, he was appointed manager of the Consett Company's Ironworks at Bishopwearmouth, but in 1864 came to London. He was engaged, as engineer and contractor, in various important undertakings, from the landing-stages of the Thames Embankment, piers at Southport and

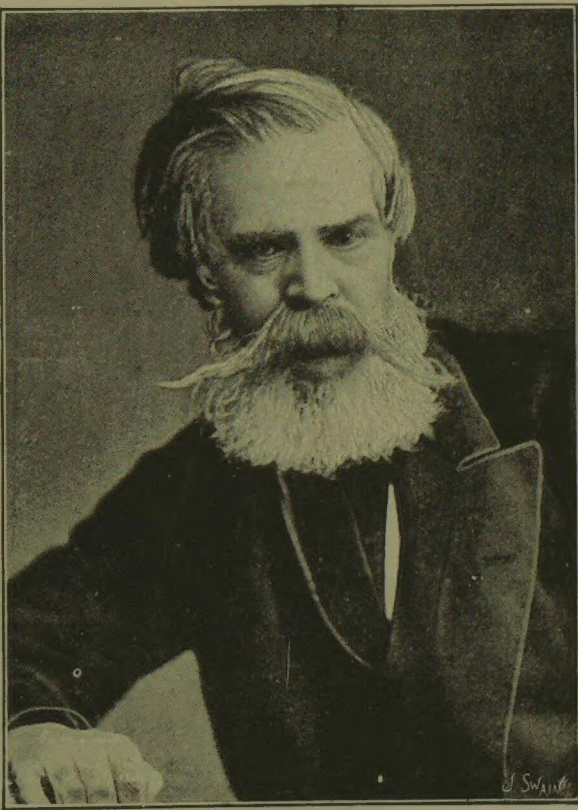


THE LATE MR. JOHN DIXON, C.E.

Douglas, Isle of Man, to iron piers for the Rio Tinto Company at Huelva in Spain, a bridge over the Nile at Cairo, drainage works at Rio Janeiro, piers at Para and at Mexican ports, railway projects in China, water-supply for Gibraltar, a railway in Portugal and the custom-house piers at Lisbon, bridges, docks, and harbour works in Ireland and Wales, and the rebuilding of Hammersmith Suspension Bridge. In the enterprise of bringing Cleopatra's Needle by sea to England, while Sir Erasmus Wilson liberally bestowed £10,000 to defray the estimated cost, Mr. Dixon, as contractor, had to bear a heavy loss, from disasters in the voyage and salvage expenses. He visited South Africa three years ago, and acted as consulting engineer for harbour improvements. Mr. Dixon's other attainments, scientific and artistic, were not inconsiderable. He received an honorary degree of M.A. from the University of Durham. His water-colour drawings, mostly of marine views, were frequently seen in London exhibitions. In London he held a good position, and was a Deputy Lieutenant of the City. He died at his residence at Croydon.

THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

This artist, whose death was recorded in our last, was born at Edinburgh in 1813, his father being an architect of some repute in that city. Coming to London while a very young man, he exhibited so early as 1836 at the Royal Academy. His



THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

earlier works were principally derived from Scottish song and story. "The Gentle Shepherd," exhibited in 1840; "Sunday Morning," in 1841; "The Covenanter's Marriage," in 1842; and "The Covenanter's Burial," in 1852, are all well known through engravings. "Lord and Lady Russell receiving the Sacrament in Prison," bought by Mr. Vernon, is now in our

National Gallery. "Melancthon," the first of a new style, painted in 1854, was followed by "Tyndall translating the Bible," in 1855. All these pictures were engraved. "The Arrest of John Brown, the Lollard," was exhibited in 1856; "The Pressgang," in 1858; "John Bunyan in Bedford Jail," in 1861; "The Cottar's Saturday Night," in 1863; "Robin Adair," in 1864; and "The Child Queen," in 1866. "The Flight of Mary of Modena," "Charlotte Corday," and "Flora Macdonald" were all painted in 1869, and were in that year's Royal Academy Exhibition. The last-named picture, bought by the Prince of Wales and presented by him to the Queen, is now at Balmoral Castle. "The Elopement of Dorothy Vernon" was exhibited in 1871. "The Waif," painted in 1877, is now in the Sydney National Gallery. In 1877 Mr. Johnston lost his wife, who had, from the time of their marriage, been his adviser and wisest critic; and he hardly attempted more important works in later years, though it is only quite recently that he has given up exhibiting at the Royal Academy. Out of a family of nine children he leaves two daughters and three sons to mourn his loss. He was ever a true and genial friend, gentle and courteous in his manner to all. He died on Jan. 31, at Hampstead, of pneumonia, after five days' illness.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young.

FOREIGN NEWS.

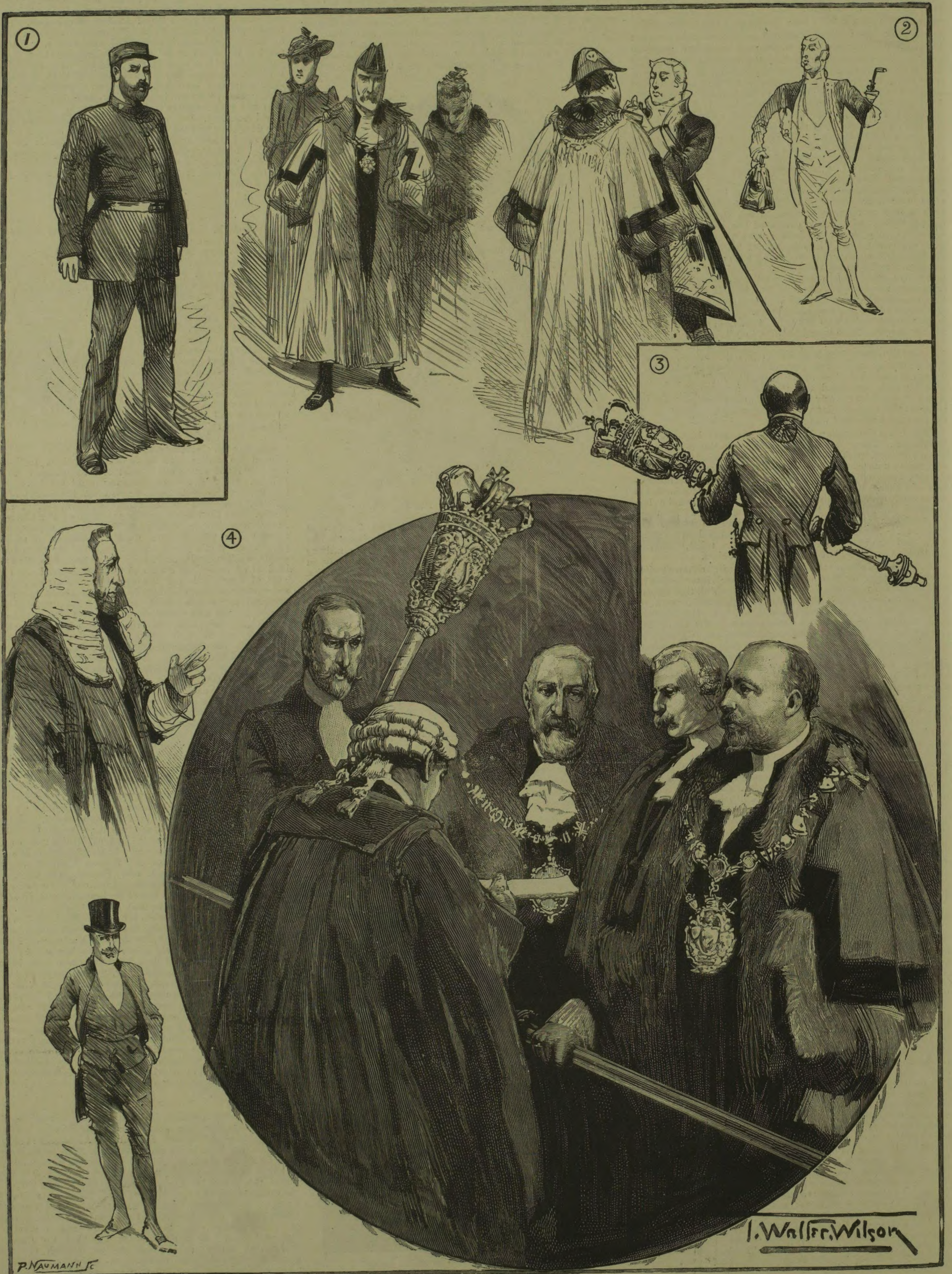
The debate in the Reichstag on the Colonial estimates has given the German Chancellor the opportunity of making a very comprehensive statement on German policy in East Africa, and on the future of the newly acquired territory in that region, which Germany is about to organise and develop. General von Caprivi is of opinion that the Anglo-German Convention, apart altogether from Heligoland, is an advantageous one to Germany, and that Vitu being absolutely worthless without the islands of Manda and Patta, it was an excellent thing to get rid of it. As to Zanzibar, the Chancellor very properly reminded his critics that, as it did not belong to Germany, she could not very well be said to have given it to Great Britain. On the contrary, Germany could not have acquired the protectorate over Zanzibar without the assent of Great Britain, and, the General might have added, of another Power. But the most interesting portion of the Chancellor's speech was that in which, replying to his opponents, who twitted him with having made concessions to which his predecessor would never have consented, he quoted a few words, written by Prince Bismarck, to the effect that "England is of more importance to us than Zanzibar and Vitu." This, of course, silenced the opposition; but two days later there appeared in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, an organ supposed to represent pretty accurately the views of Prince Bismarck, a curious article on this subject. The drift of the article in question is that the ex-Chancellor's remark was intended only for his subordinates, and was meant simply to indicate the importance of maintaining cordial relations between the two countries—a very different thing, the article went on, to its being proclaimed before the world as the keynote of German colonial policy, and an encouragement to British encroachments in the Dark Continent. In short, Prince Bismarck's above-quoted opinion should be taken, if the *Hamburger Nachrichten* is to be believed, in a Pickwickian sense. The probabilities are, however, that people in this country and all over the world will prefer to take these words rather in their literal sense, as spoken by the present Chancellor, than with the qualified meaning attached to them by the newspaper which, rightly or wrongly, is considered as being the ex-Chancellor's mouthpiece.



GENERAL VON CAPRIVI.

The Marquis di Rudini has succeeded in forming a Cabinet, in which he takes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, with Signor Nicotera as Minister of the Interior, Signor Colombo as Minister of Finance, Signor Pelloux as Minister of War, and Signor Branca as Minister of Public Works. His other most important colleagues are Signori Chimirri (Agriculture), Luzzatti (Treasury), and Ferraris (Justice). The Ministry is a somewhat heterogeneous one, comprising, as it does, members of the Right and of the Left, and it is already said in political circles in Rome that it will be short-lived. It is exactly what may be expected, for, if the Ministers have been changed, the situation remains the same. That economies must be made, as explained by the former Minister of Finance, Signor Grimaldi, everybody acknowledges, but, when it comes to the question as to what department of State is to have its budget reduced, opinions differ, or, rather, they are but too unanimous, for each Minister declares that no reductions can possibly be made in the department over which he presides. The general impression seems to be that, after having made the necessary financial arrangements and abolished *scrutin de liste*, the new Ministry will dissolve the Chamber, in which case the return to power of Signor Crispi would be a probable contingency. In the meantime no change will take place in the foreign policy of Italy, although it is not unlikely that the relations with France will be somewhat less strained, and that a commercial understanding may be arrived at with less difficulty.

The audience question in China, which was supposed to have been settled by the recent edict of the Emperor announcing that he would receive the foreign Ambassadors early in March, is to remain in abeyance, after all. Telegrams received from China now state that the Imperial decree has been nullified by the derogatory ceremonies which are prescribed. The meaning of this is that the Chinese officials insist on maintaining the immemorial usage of the Court of Peking, requiring that foreign Ambassadors should comply with the degrading ceremonial of the "kotow," not only in the actual presence of the Emperor, but before a yellow rag supposed to represent him. It is needless to say that no European diplomatist could be induced to go through the three genuflections and nine prostrations which constitute the "kotow," and that the edict must remain a dead letter until the time when the Chinese sticklers for etiquette become more reasonable. As it is, only in two instances was the "kotow" dispensed with: first, in 1793, when Lord Macartney was received by the Emperor Kien-Lung, who was censured by the Board of Rites for having made this concession; and, secondly, in 1873, when the foreign Ministers in Peking had an audience from the Emperor Tung-che.



1. "Whom have you here?"
2. "The Sheriffs of London."

3. "Let them be admitted!"
4. "Mr. Sheriff, what have you there?"

5. "A petition from the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of the City of London, which we are directed to present to your Honourable House."

THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON PRESENTING A PETITION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

A huge black rat flashed from my shoulder. "If there be truth in the proverb," said I, "we need no surer hint of what is coming than the behaviour of that rat."

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAFT.

How passed the rest of this the first day of my wild and dangerous adventure, of Helga's and my first day of suffering, peril, and romantic experience, I cannot clearly recall. A few impressions only survive. I remember returning to the deck-house and finding the captain still sleeping. I remember conversing with Helga, who looked me very earnestly in the face when I entered, and who, by some indefinable influence of voice and eye, coaxed me into speaking of my fit of horror on deck. I remember that she left me to obtain some food, which, it seems, was kept in one of the cabins below, and that she returned with a tin of preserved meat, a little glass jar of jam, a tin of biscuits, and a bottle of red wine like to what we had before drunk—a very pleasant, well-flavoured claret; that all the while we ate, her father slept, which made her happy, as she said he needed rest, not having closed his eyes for three nights and days, though it was wonderful to me that he should have fallen asleep in such a mood of excitement and of consternation as I had left him in; but as to his slumbering amid that uproar of straining timbers and flying waters, it is enough to say that he was a seaman.

I also recollect that throughout the remainder of the day we worked the pump at every two hours or thereabouts; but the water was unmistakably gaining upon the barque, and to keep her free would have needed the incessant plying of the pumps—both pumps at once—by gangs of fellows who could relieve one another and rest between. Helga told me that her father had given orders for a windmill pump to be rigged, Scandinavian fashion; but that there had been some delay, and so the barque sailed without it. I said that no windmill pump would have stood up half an hour in such a gale of wind as was blowing; but all the same, I bitterly lamented that there was nothing of the sort aboard, for these windmill arrangements keep the pumps going by the revolution of their sails, and such a thing must have proved inexpressibly valuable when the weather should moderate, so as to allow us to erect it.

The Captain slept far into the afternoon, but I could not observe, when he awoke, that he was the better for his long spell of rest. I entered his cabin fresh from a look round on deck, and found him just awake, with his eyes fixed upon his daughter, who sat slumbering upon the locker, with her back against the cabin-wall and her pale face bowed upon her breast. He immediately attacked me with questions, delivered in notes so high, penetrating, and feverish with hurry and alarm that they awoke Helga. We had to tell him the truth—I mean, that the water was gaining, but slowly, so that it must conquer us if the gale continued, yet we might still hope to find a chance for our lives by keeping the pump

going. He broke into many passionate exclamations of distress and grief, and then was silent, with the air of one who abandons hope.

"There are but two, and one of them a girl," I heard him say, lifting his eyes to the deck above as he spoke.

The night was a dreadful time to look forward to. While there was daylight, while one could see, one's spirits seemed to retain a little buoyancy; but, speaking for myself, I dreaded the effects upon my mind of a second interminable time of blackness, filled with the horrors of the groaning and howling gale, of the dizzy motion of the tormented fabric, of the heart-subduing noises of waters pouring in thunder and beating in volcanic shocks against and over the struggling vessel.

Well, there came round the hour of nine o'clock by my watch. Long before, after returning from a spirit-breaking spell of toil at the pump, we had lighted the deck-house and binnacle lamps, had eaten our third meal that day to answer for tea or supper, and at Helga's entreaty I had lain down upon the deck-house locker to sleep for one hour or so if I could, while she went to watch by her father and to keep an eye upon the ship by an occasional visit to the deck.

We had arranged that she should awaken me at nine, that we should then apply ourselves afresh to the pump, that she should afterwards take my place upon the locker till eleven, I, meanwhile, seeing to her father and to the barque, and that we should thus proceed in these alternations throughout the night. It was now nine o'clock. I awoke, and was looking at my watch when Helga entered from the deck. She came up to me and took my hands, and cried—

"Oh! Mr. Tregarthen, there are some stars in the sky. I believe the gale is breaking."

Only those who have undergone the like of such experiences as these I am endeavouring to relate can conceive of the rapture, the new life her words raised in me.

"I praise God for your good news!" I cried, and made a step to the barometer to observe its indications.

The rise of the mercury was a quarter of an inch, and this had happened since a little after seven. Yet, being something of a student of the barometer in my little way, I could have heartily wished the rise much more gradual. It might betoken nothing more than a drier quality of gale, with nothing of the old fierceness wanting. But then, to be sure, it might promise a shift, so that we stood a chance of being blown homewards, which would signify an opportunity of preservation that must needs grow greater as we approached the English Channel.

I went with Helga on deck, and instantly saw the stars shining to windward betwixt the edges of clouds which were flying across our mastheads with the velocity of smoke. The heaven of vapour that had hung black and brooding over the ocean for two days was broken up; where the sky showed it

was pure, and the stars shone in it with a frosty brilliance. The atmosphere had wonderfully cleared; the froth glanced keenly upon the hurrying shadows of the seas, and I believed I could follow the clamorous mountainous breast of the ocean to the very throb of the horizon, over which the clouds were pouring in loose masses, scattering scud-like as they soared, but all so plentiful that the heavens were thick with the flying wings.

But there was no sobering of the wind. It blew with its old dreadful violence, and the half-smothered barque climbed and plunged and rolled amid clouds of spray in a manner to make the eyes reel after a minute of watching her. Yet the mere sight of the stars served as a sup of cordial to us. We strove at the pump, and then Helga lay down; and in this manner the hours passed till about four o'clock in the morning, when there happened a sensible decrease in the wind. At dawn it was still blowing hard, but long before this, had we had sailors, we should have been able to expose canvas, and start the barque upon her course.

I stood on top of the deck-house watching the dawn break. The bleak grey stole over the frothing sea and turned ashen the curve of every running surge. To windward the ocean-line went twisting like a corkscrew upon the sky and seemed to boil and wash along it as though it were the base of some smoking wall. There was nothing in sight. I searched every quarter with a passionate intensity, but there was nothing to be seen. But now the sea had greatly moderated, and, though the decks still sobbed with wet, it was only at long intervals that the foam flew forwards. The barque looked fearfully wrecked, stranded, and sodden. All her rigging was slack, the decks were incumbered with the ends of ropes, the weather side of the main-sail had blown loose and was fluttering in rags, though to leeward the canvas lay furled.

I went on to the quarterdeck and sounded the well. Practice had rendered me expert, and the cast, I did not doubt, gave me the true depth, and I felt all the blood in me rush to my heart when I beheld such an indication of increase as was the same as hearing one's funeral knell rung, or of a verdict of death pronounced upon one.

I entered the deck-house with my mind resolved, and seated myself at the table over against where Helga lay sleeping upon the locker, to consider a little before arousing her. She showed very wan, almost haggard, by the morning light; her parted lips were pale, and she wore a restless expression even in her sleep. It might be that my eyes being fixed upon her face aroused her; she suddenly looked at me, and then sat up. Just then a gleam of misty sunshine swept the little windows.

"The bad weather is gone!" she cried.

"It is still too bad for us, though," said I.

"Does the wind blow from the land?" she asked.

"Ay! and freshly too."

She was now able to perceive the meaning in my face, and asked me anxiously if anything new had happened to alarm me. I answered by giving her the depth of water I had found in the hold. She clasped her hands and started to her feet, but sat again on my making a little gesture.

"Miss Nielsen," said I, "the barque is taking in water very much faster than we shall be able to pump it out. We may go on plying the pump, but the labour can only end in breaking our hearts and wasting precious time that might be employed to some purpose. We must look the truth in the face, and make up our minds to let the vessel go, and to do our best, with God's help, to preserve our lives."

"What?" she asked in a low voice, that indicated awe rather than fear, and I noticed the little twitch and spasm of her mouth swiftly vanish in an expression of resolution.

"We must go to work," said I, "and construct a raft, then get everything in readiness to sway it overboard. The weather may enable us to do this. I pray so. It is our only hope, should nothing to help us come along."

"But my father?"

"We shall have to get him out of his cabin on to the raft."

"But how? But how?" she cried, with an air of wildness. "He cannot move!"

"If we are to be saved, he must be saved, at all events," said I. "What then can be done but to lower him in his cot, as he lies, on to the deck and so drag him to the gangway and sling him on to the raft by a tackle?"

"Yes," she said, "that can be done. It will have to be done." She reflected, with her hands tightly locked upon her brow. "How long do you think," she asked, "will the Anine remain afloat if we leave the pumps untouched?"

"Your father will know," said I. "Let us go to him."

Captain Nielsen sat erect in his cot munching a biscuit.

"Ha!" he cried as we entered. "We are to have pleasant weather. There was some sunshine upon that port just now. What says the barometer, Mr. Tregarthen?" Then contracting his brows while he peered at his daughter as though he had not obtained a view of her before, he exclaimed, "What is the matter, Helga? What have you come to tell me?"

"Father," she answered, sinking her head a little and so looking at him through her eyelashes, "Mr. Tregarthen believes, and I cannot doubt it, for there is the sounding-rod to tell the story, that water is fast entering the Anine, and that we must lose no time to prepare to leave her."

"What!" he almost shrieked, letting fall his biscuit and grasping the edge of the cot with his emaciated hands, and turning his body to us from the waist, leaving his legs in their former posture as though he were paralysed from the hip down. "The Anine sinking? prepare to leave her? Why, you have neglected the pump, then!"

"No, Captain, no," I answered. "Our toil has been as regular as we have had strength for. Already your daughter has done too much; look at her!" I cried, pointing to the girl. "Judge with your father's eye for how much longer she is capable of holding out!"

"The pump must be manned!" he exclaimed, in such another shrieking note as he had before delivered. "The Anine must not sink; she is all I have in the world. My child will be left to starve! Oh, she has strength enough. Helga, the gentleman does not know your strength and courage! And you, Sir—you, Mr. Tregarthen—Ach! God! You will not let your courage fail you—you who came here on a holy and beautiful errand—no, no! you will not let your courage fail you, now that the wind is ceasing and the sun has broken forth and the worst is past?"

Helga looked at me.

"Captain Nielsen," said I, "if there were a dozen of us we might hope to keep your ship long enough afloat to give us a chance of being rescued; but not twelve, not fifty men could save her for you. The tempest has made a sieve of her, and what we have now to do is to construct a raft while we have time and opportunity, and to be ceaseless in our prayer that the weather may suffer us to launch it and to exist upon it until we are succoured."

He gazed at me with a burning eye, and breathed as though he must presently suffocate.

"Oh but for a few hours' use of my limbs!" he cried, lifting his trembling hands. "I would show you both how the will can be made to master the body's weakness. Must I lie here without power?" and as he said these words he grasped again the edge of his cot, and writhed so that I was almost prepared to see him heave himself out; but the agony of the wrench was too much; his face grew whiter still, he groaned low, and lay back, with his brow glistening with sweat-drops.

"Oh, father!" cried Helga, "bear with us! Indeed it is as Mr. Tregarthen says. I feared it last night, and this morning has made me sure. We must not think of the ship, but of ourselves, and of you, father dear—of you, my poor, dear father!" She broke off with a sob.

I waited until he had recovered a little from the torment he had caused himself, and then gently, but with a manner that let him know I was resolved, began to reason with him. He lay, apparently, listening apathetically; but his nostrils, wide with breathing, and the hurried motions of his breast were warrant enough of the state of his mind. While I addressed him Helga went out, and presently returned with the sounding-rod, dark with the wet fresh from the well. He turned his feverish eyes upon it, but merely shook his head and lightly wrung his hands.

"Father, you see it for yourself!" she cried.

"Miss Nielsen," said I, "we are wasting precious minutes. Will your father tell you what depth of water his ship must take in to founder?"

He, poor fellow, made no response, but continued to stare at the rod in her hand as though his intelligence on a sudden was all abroad.

"Shall we go to work?" said I. She looked at her father wistfully. "Come," I exclaimed, "we know we are right. We must make an effort to save ourselves. Are not our lives our first consideration?"

I stepped to the door; as I put my hand to it, Captain Nielsen cried: "If you do not save the ship, how will you save yourselves?"

"We must at once put some sort of raft together," said I, halting.

"A raft! in this sea!" he clasped his hands and uttered a low mocking laugh that was more shocking in him than the maddest explosion of temper could have shown.

I could no longer linger to hear his objections. Helga might be very dear to him, but his ship stood first in his mind, and I had no idea of breaking my heart at the pump and then of being drowned after all. My hope was indeed a forlorn one, but it was a chance also; whereas I knew that the ship would give us no chance whatever. Besides, our making ready for the worst would not signify that we should abandon the vessel until her settling forced us over the side. And was the gentle, heroic Helga to perish without a struggle on my part, because her father clung with a sick man's craziness—which in health he might be quick to denounce—to this

poor tempest-strained barque that was all he had in the world?

I went out and on to the deck, and was standing thinking a minute upon the raft and how we should set about it, when Helga joined me.

"He is too ill to be reasonable," she exclaimed.

"Yes," said I, "but we will save him, and ourselves too, if we can. Let us lose no more time. Do you observe that the wind has sensibly decreased even while we have been talking in your father's cabin? The sky has opened more yet to windward, and the seas are running with much less weight."

As I spoke the sun flashed into a rift in the vapour sweeping down the eastern heaven, and the glance of the foam to the splendour, and the sudden brightening of the cloud-shadowed sea into blue, animated me like some new-born hope, and was almost as invigorating to my spirits as though my eyes had fallen upon the gleam of a sail heading our way.

I should but weary you to relate, step by step, how we went to work to construct a raft. The motion of the deck was still very violent, but it found us now as seasoned as though we had kept the sea for years; and, indeed, the movement was becoming mere child's-play after the tossing of the night. A long hour of getting such booms as we wanted off the sailors' house on to the deck, and of collecting other materials for our needs, was not, by a very great deal, so exhausting as ten minutes at the pump. We broke off a little after nine o'clock to get some food, and to enable Helga to see to her father; and now the cast we took with the sounding-rod advised us, with most bitter significance of indication, that, even though my companion and I had strength to hold to the pump for a whole watch—I mean for four hours at a spell—the water would surely, if but a little more slowly, vanquish us in the end. Indeed, there was no longer question that the vessel had, in some parts of her, been seriously strained, and, though I held my peace, my sincere conviction was that, unless some miracle arrested the ingress of the water, she would not be afloat at five o'clock that day.

By one we had completed the raft, and it lay against the main hatch, ready to be swayed over the side and launched. I had some small knowledge of boat-building, having acquired what I knew from a small yard down past the life-boat house at Tintrenale, where boats were built, and where I had killed many an hour, pipe in mouth, watching and asking questions, and even lending a hand; and in constructing this raft I found my slender boat-building experiences very useful. First we made a frame of four stout studdingsail booms, which we securely lashed to four empty casks, two of which lay handy to our use, while of the other two, one we found in the galley, a third full of slush, and the other in the cabin below where the provisions were stored. We decked the frame with booms, of which there was a number, as I have previously said, stacked on top of the sailors' deck-house, and to this we securely lashed planking, to which we attached some hatchway covers, binding the whole with turn upon turn of rope. To improve our chance of being seen, I provided for setting up a topgallant-studdingsail boom as a mast, at the head of which we should be able to show a colour. I also took care to hedge the sides with a little bulwark of life-lines lest the raft should be swept. There were many interstices in this fabric fit for holding a stock of provisions and water.

I had no fear of its not floating high, nor of its not holding together; but it would be impossible to express the heaviness of heart with which I laboured at this thing. The raft had always been the most dreadful nightmare of the sea to my imagination. The stories of the sufferings it had been the theatre of were present to my mind as I worked, and again and again they would cause me to break off and send a despairing look round; but never a sail showed; the blankness was that of the heavens.

We had half-masted a second Danish ensign after coming out from breaking our fast, and one needed but to look at the breezy rippling of its large folds to know that the wind was rapidly becoming scant. By one o'clock, indeed, it was blowing no more than a pleasant air of wind, still out of the north-east. The stormy smoke-like clouds of the morning were gone, and the sky was now mottled by little heaps of prismatic vapour that sailed slowly under a higher delicate shading of cloud, widely broken, and showing much clear liquid blue, and suffering the sun to shine very steadily. There was a long swell rolling out of the north-east; but the brows were so wide apart that there was no violence whatever in the swaying of the barque upon it. The wind crisped these swinging folds of water, and the surface of the ocean scintillated with lines of small seas crisping, with merry curls, into foam. But it was fine-weather water, and the barometer had risen greatly, and I could now believe that there was nothing more in the rapidity of its indications than a promise of a pleasant day and of light winds.

I could have done nothing without Helga. Her activity, her intelligence, her spirit, were amazing, not indeed only because she was a girl, but because she was a girl who had undergone a day and two frightful nights of peril and distress, who had slept but little, whose labours at the pump might have exhausted a seasoned sailor. She seemed to know exactly what to do, was wise in every suggestion, and I could never glance at her face without finding the sweetness of it rendered noble by the heroism of the heart that showed in her firm mouth, her composed countenance, and steadfast determined gaze.

At times we would break off to sound the well, and never without finding a fresh nimbleness coming into our hands and feet, a wilder desire of hurry penetrating our spirits from the assurance of the rod. Steadily, inch by inch, the water was gaining, and already at this hour of one o'clock it was almost easy to guess the depth of it by the sluggishness of the vessel's rolling, by the drowning character of her languid recovery from the slant of the swell. I felt tolerably confident, however, that she would keep afloat for some hours yet, and God knows we could not have too much time granted to us, for there was much to be done; the raft to be launched and provisioned, and the hardest part was yet to come, I mean the bringing of the sick captain from his cabin and hoisting him over the side.

At one o'clock we broke off again to refresh ourselves with food and drink, and Helga saw to her father. For my part I would not enter his berth. I dreaded his expostulations and reproaches, and, indeed, I may say that I shrank from even the sight of him, so grievous were his white face and dying manner—so depressing to me, who could not look at the raft and then turn my eyes upon the ocean without guessing that I was as fully a dying man as he, and that, when the sun set this night, it might go down for ever upon us.

There was but one way of getting the raft over, and that was by the winch and a tackle at the mainyard-arm. Helga said she would take the tackle aloft, but I ran my eye over her boy-clad figure with a smile, and said "No." She was, indeed, a better sailor than I, but it would be strange, indeed, if I was unable to secure a block to a yardarm. We braced in the mainyard until the arm of it was fair over the gangway, and I then took the tackle aloft and attached the block by the tail of it.

I lay over the yard for a minute or two while I looked round; but the sea brimmed unbroken towards the sky, and I

descended, again and again shuddering without control over myself, as I gazed at the little fabric of the raft and contrasted it with the size of the ship that was slowly foundering, and then with the great sea upon whose surface it would presently be afloat—the only object, perhaps, under the eye of heaven for leagues and leagues!

Our business now was to get the raft over the side. I should have to fatigue and perhaps perplex you with technicalities exactly to explain our management of it. Enough if I say that, by hooking on the lower block of the tackle to ropes which formed slings for the raft, and by taking the hauling part to the winch, we very easily swayed the structure clear of the bulwark-rail—for you must know that the winch, with its arrangements of handles, cogs, and pawls, is a piece of ship-board mechanism with which a couple of persons may do as much as a dozen might be able to achieve using their arms only.

When the raft was high enough Helga stood by the winch ready to slacken away on my giving the word of command; while I went to a line which held the fabric over the deck. This line I eased off until the raft had swung fairly over the water, and then called to Helga to slacken away, and the raft sank, and in a minute or two was water-borne, riding upon the swell alongside, and buoyed by the casks even higher above the surface than I had dared hope.

"Now, Miss Nielsen!" cried I.

"Oh! pray call me Helga," she broke in; "it is my name: it is short! I seem to answer to it more readily, and in this time, this dreadful time, I could wish to have it, and none other!"

"Then, Helga," said I, even in such a moment as this feeling my heart warm to the brave, good, gentle little creature as I pronounced the word, "we must provision the raft without delay. Our essential needs will be fresh water and biscuit. What more have you in your provision-room below?"

"Come with me!" said she, and we ran into the deck-house and descended the hatch, leaving the raft securely floating alongside, not only in the grip of the yardarm tackle, which the swaying of the vessel had fully overhauled, but in the hold of the line with which we had slacked the structure over the rail.

It was still dark enough below; but when we opened the door of the berth, in which, as I have told you, the cabin provisions were stowed, we found the sunshine upon the scuttle or porthole, and the apartment lay clear in the light. In about twenty minutes, and after some three or four journeys, we had conveyed on deck as much provisions as might serve to keep three persons for about a month: cans of meat, some hams, several tins of biscuit, cheese, and other matters, which I need not catalogue. But we had started the fresh water in the scuttle-butts that they might be emptied to serve as floats for the raft, and now we had to find a cask or receptacle for drinking-water, and to fill it too from the stock in the hold. Here I should have been at a loss but for Helga, who knew where the barque's fresh water was stowed. Again we entered the cabin or provision-room, and returned with some jars whose contents we emptied—vinegar, I believe it was, but the hurry my mind was then in rendered it weak in its reception of small impressions; these we filled with fresh water from a tank conveniently stowed in the main hatchway, and as I filled them Helga carried them on deck.

While we were below at this work I bade her listen.

"Yes, I hear it!" she cried: "it is the water in the hold."

With every sickly lean of the barque you could hear the water inside of her seething among the cargo as it cascaded now to port and now to starboard.

"Helga, she cannot live long," said I. "I believe, but for the hissing of the water, we should hear it bubbling into her."

I handed her up the last of the jars, and grasped the coaming of the hatch to clamber on to the deck, for the cargo came high. As I did this, something seemed to touch and claw me upon the back, and a huge black rat of the size of a kitten flashed from my shoulder on to the deck and vanished in a breath. Helga screamed, and indeed, for the moment, my own nerves were not a little shaken, for I distinctly felt the wire-like whisker of the horrible creature brush my cheek as it sprang from my shoulder.

"If there be truth in the proverb," said I, "we need no surer hint of what is coming than the behaviour of that rat!"

The girl shuddered, and gazed, with eyes bright with alarm, into the hold, recoiling as she did so. I believe the prospect of drifting about on a raft was less terrible to her than the idea of a second rat leaping upon one or the other of us.

(To be continued.)

The hard winter has told heavily on M. de Lesseps. His strength, it is said, declines so rapidly that a doctor never leaves his side, and administers caffeine and other stimulants whenever he thinks them needed.

The Queen has approved the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate and to inquire into the effect of coal-dust in originating or extending explosions in coal-mines. The Royal Commissioners are: Mr. J. Chamberlain, M.P. (Chairman), Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Lewis, Professor Dixon, Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, and Mr. Fenwick, M.P.

The Czarevitch was present on Feb. 6 at a garden party and a ball given at Government House, Madras, in his honour by Lord Wenlock, the Governor. His Imperial Highness spent a day at Guindy shooting, and then proceeded to Tanjore. Admiral Besnard, Commander of the French Naval Division on the China Station, has received orders to place the gun-boat Vipère at the disposal of the Czarevitch. The Russian heir-apparent will embark on board the Vipère at Hong Kong or Macao for Canton, on which trip he will be accompanied by Admiral Besnard. The gun-boat will subsequently remain at the orders of the Czarevitch during his stay in the Far East.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six months, 14s. Christmas Half-Year, 15s. 3d.
Three months, 7s. Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

Copies will be supplied direct from the Office to any part of the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands, for any period, at the rate of 6d. for each Number, paid in advance.

ABROAD.

The yearly subscription Abroad, including the Christmas Number, is £1 16s. 4d. (on thin paper, £1 12s.), with the following exceptions:—
To Abyssinia, Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Siam, Singapore, and Zanzibar, £2 1s. (on thin paper, 34s.)

To Diego Garcia, £2 5s. (on thin paper, £1 16s. 4d.)

Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick-paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin-paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheque, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the most extraordinary as well as most interesting facts which recent research has disclosed is the power possessed by the white blood-globules of living animals to attack and devour the disease-germs which have gained entrance to the living tissues. In the blood we find two sets of corpuscles—red and white. The latter are living cells, composed of protoplasm, and living a life of semi-independent kind. They are able to wriggle their way through the walls of blood-vessels, and to pass at will among the body's tissues. No doubt exists that these curious cells seize upon noxious substances, and eat and digest them. They have been seen in the act of attacking bacteria and bacilli; and, wherever need exists in our frames for the presence of a sanitary corps, as it were, these white blood-cells (or *phagocytes*, as they are now named) crowd together, and attempt to relieve us from our enemies. Strange it is to think that in our bodies we possess semi-independent microscopic cells forming a watchful army of sanitary police.

Metschnikoff, the great advocate of this phagocytic theory of destroying germs, has lately summed up his belief in the words that, on the property and power of its white cells to absorb and destroy microbes, "the animal body possesses a formidable means of resistance and defence against these infectious agents." In other words, if we succumb to disease, it is because our phagocytes have been defeated by the invading germs; whereas, when we recover from an attack, or escape an invasion, it is because our white blood-cells have gained the victory over the microbes. The practical aim of life would therefore seem to be that of strengthening the phagocytes. How this is to be effectually done or specially accomplished I do not profess to say. I dare say, however, I shall not be far off the mark if I allege that the maintenance of a high state of general health is the best means for avoiding disease-attack. If so much be admitted, then we may say that the general health acts as a favourable condition, because in its turn it preserves our phagocytes in good fighting trim.

What is this I read in a contemporary regarding the difference between literary and scientific men as regards smoking habits? The statement has been made that the former smoke outrageously, and the latter most moderately or not at all. This, I fancy, is reversing the order of things. I know few scientists who do not favour the fragrant weed, and I know of several "literary gents" who do not smoke at all. This is only a personal experience, it is true; but then my knowledge of habits in this respect may be susceptible of corroboration. Possibly one might be nearer the truth to say that both literary and scientific men smoke in equal proportions and are equally ardent devotees of nicotine. The pursuits of both favour the habit, which is "associated with reflection and thought," as a writer aptly puts it. To say that literary men are heavier smokers than scientific men is really to state a difference which scarcely exists—*quid* the subjects, I mean—for most scientists of any repute at all are literary men, and fall to be included in the great army of penmen whose mission it is to diffuse sweetness and light everywhere.

The latest medical sensation—we live in times when "sensations" are the order of the day—is the announcement of a cure for cancer. This bit of news, published in the daily journals, comes to us from a Vienna physician, I believe, who says that, in a substance called methyl violet, he has discovered a remedy against the noxious ailment. This substance is injected into the tumour, and causes its shrinkage and disappearance, according to the account given of the remedy and its action. It is added that the Austrian doctor has not waited to conceal his remedy, as did Dr. Koch, but has boldly given it forth to be tested by his fellow medicine-men. This is right and generous, and ethically correct; but I may be allowed to point out that the question is scarcely so plain as it might seem to ordinary observers. We do not yet know what cancer is, although we suspect that it consists largely of a modification of the ordinary cells, &c., of the body; nor do we know what is the predisposing cause of the modification which results in the cancer-formation. At least, however, the remedy may be tried and reported upon—this much ordinary humanity will demand; more especially as cancer is a disorder which has been proved of late years to be alarmingly on the increase.

The Reports of the Hatch Experiment Station attached to the Massachusetts Agricultural College reach me with regularity, and are always interesting reading. Bulletin No. 11 contains reports on the strength of rennet, on hay caps, on Flandres oats, on prevention of potato rot, and on fungicides and insecticides as regards their action on fruits. The activity illustrated by our American cousins in applying scientific modes of investigation to the domain of the farmer is highly commendable and beyond all praise. The publication of the results arrived at in the course of the researches must prove an equal boon to American agriculturists. Thus, as regards the rennet report, we are told that "individuality is the strongest factor in determining the strength of the rennet." Fasting up to eighteen hours increases the strength of this secretion, but the variations are so numerous that this result is not to be taken as absolute. Breed has not been shown to influence the strength of the rennet, but averages show a considerable variation, giving the following order as regards power: Jersey, Holstein, Hereford, and Shorthorn. Finally, the rennet of the calf under the week old is apparently stronger than that of an animal six weeks or more old.

The reports teach us, further, that when lime is used as a preventive of potato rot, it does not appear to act in a very adequate or forcible fashion. We are promised further trials, however, with an increased quantity of lime. In the division of horticulture, the information afforded concerning the effect of fungicides and insect-killing substances will be received with interest by gardeners at large. The battle of the fruit-grower and hop-grower against insect and other pests is always being waged. It would seem as though we were within measurable distance of meeting the enemies of our fruit-trees on their own ground at last.

London fogs have of late been over-prevalent, as everybody knows, and botanists have been interrogated concerning their effects on plant-life. It seems that the tropical plants in the gardens of the Botanic Society felt the evil consequences of the smoke-laden air in greatest degree. Forest plants and those growing in the shade were less obviously affected. The great water-lily (*Victoria regia*) was an especial sufferer, probably through its leaves being literally choked with the grimy particles of the smoke-cloud.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W S DANIELS (Southampton).—We could scarcely venture to publish your problem in the ordinary fashion. It would be more suitable for a Christmas curiosity.

D S SMITH (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—White continues 2. Kt to Q 7th (ch), K to B 2nd; 3. Q to K 6th, mate.

R KELLY.—Please look at 1. R to B sq (ch), followed by Q to R 7th, &c. The other with fewer pieces is very good, and shall appear shortly.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—The amended version of your first contribution can be solved by Q to B 5th (ch).

R Y (Darwen).—We shall always be pleased to receive your solutions. The study of problems is undoubtedly useful to your play.

C E MORTIMER (New York).—We have forwarded your letter to its proper destination.

J P (Wolsingham).—We are pleased you like the problem. Your solution is quite right.

F J W.—Your appreciation of Mr. Frankenstein's problem is well deserved. We are sorry we are unable to refer easily to the position you mention.

H E KINSON.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2427 and 2430 received from P B Bennie (Melbourne), of Nos. 2438 and 2439 from G W von Alten (Wyoming); of No. 2441 from J P Moon, J D Tucker (Leeds), C E H (Clifton), L Schlu (Vienna), D McCoy (Galway), E G Boys, and J G Grant (Ealing); of No. 2442 from Alpha, J D Tucker (Leeds), F J Wallis, J P Moon, E G Boys, E Bygott (Sandbach), and C E H (Clifton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2443 received from Alpha, Columbus, Dr F St, C M A B, John Pybountie, J C Ireland, C E H (Clifton), Chown, Martin F, J F Moon, E Edwards, Lieut-Colonel Lorraine (Brighton), J Hall, J D Tucker (Leeds), Blair H Cochrane, W H Hayton, Odham Club, E J Hawkins, Dawn, T L Hamner, D McCoy (Galway), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), W R B (Plymouth), R H Brooks, A Newman, G Joicey, E Louden, J Coad, J Dixon, D Malcolmson, W David (Cardiff), T G Ware, Z Ingold, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), H R Clark, M Burke, W Wright, F B George, W H Reed (Liverpool), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), H S B (Fairholme), R Worters (Canterbury), Bones, C E Perugini, W R Baillem, Hereward, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J T Pullen (Launceston), H B Hurford, J Desanges (Rome), W M Cousins (Swindon), W T Hurley, E E H, A H B, Julia Short (Exeter), Sorrento (Dawlish), G H Jones, C T Blandford, Swynoh (Liverpool), L Schlu, E Bygott, R Vales, T Roberts, B D Knox, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2441.—By J. RAYNER.

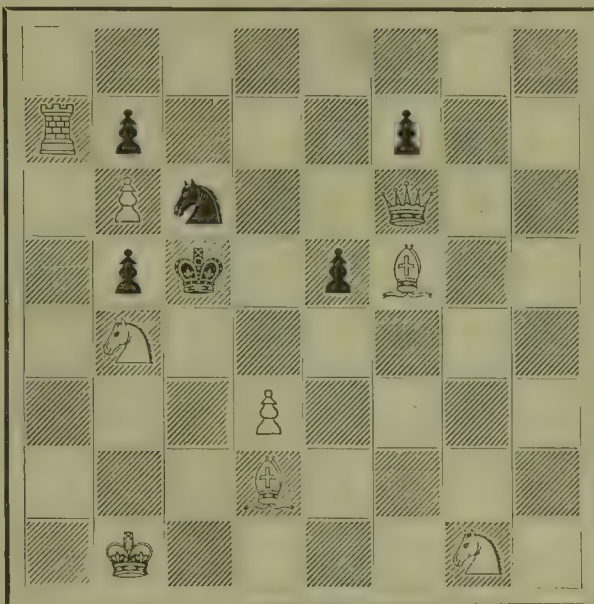
WHITE.
1. R to Q sq
2. Mates.

BLACK.
Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2445.

By W. BARRETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

A smart game between Mr. TINSLEY and Mr. C.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. R to K 2nd	R to K 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	Q to B 5th (ch)	12. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
3. P to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	13. B to K 3rd	B to K 3rd
4. P takes P	Q takes P	14. B to Q 4th	B to Q 4th
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Q takes P (ch)	15. P to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
		16. Q to K 3rd	Q to K 3rd
		17. R to Kt sq	R to Kt sq
		18. B takes P	B takes P
		19. R takes B	R takes B
		20. R takes B	R takes B
6. B to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd		
7. Castles	B to K 2nd		
8. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd		
9. R to K sq	B to Q 2nd		
10. B to Q B 4th	Q to Q B 3rd		
11. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q B 3rd		

White's rapid development already gives him the better game.

Another unpublished game between the late Mr. LOWENTHAL and DELTA, played at the St. George's Chess Club in 1854.

(King's Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Delta)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Delta)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. R takes R	B takes R
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	17. R to K sq	
4. B takes P	Q to K 5th (ch)		
5. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th		
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 4th		
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd		
8. B to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
9. P to K R 4th	P to K R 3rd		
10. K to Kt sq	Q to Kt 3rd		
11. P to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
12. Q to K B sq	B takes Kt		
13. Q takes B	B to Q 5th (ch)		
14. K to B sq	Kt to K 2nd		
15. P takes P			

This only exposes his King to attack, and gives Black time to bring his Q Kt into action. Kt to K 2nd should have been played.

White resigns. Delta has played admirably throughout this pretty little game.

Another unpublished game between the late Mr. LOWENTHAL and DELTA, played at the St. George's Chess Club in 1854.

(King's Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Delta)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Delta)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. R takes R	B takes R
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	17. R to K sq	
4. B takes P	Q to K 5th (ch)		
5. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th		
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 4th		
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd		
8. B to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
9. P to K R 4th	P to K R 3rd		
10. K to Kt sq	Q to Kt 3rd		
11. P to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
12. Q to K B sq	B takes Kt		
13. Q takes B	B to Q 5th (ch)		
14. K to B sq	Kt to K 2nd		
15. P takes P			

This only exposes his King to attack, and gives Black time to bring his Q Kt into action. Kt to K 2nd should have been played.

White resigns. Delta has played admirably throughout this pretty little game.

The advent of a new blindfold player is a fact deserving of notice, especially when he is still young and with a reputation that, although rising, has yet to be fully known. The successful debut of Mr. Loman at the City Club on Jan. 31, when out of six games he won three, drew two, and lost one, promises that we shall not be disconsolate when Mr. Blackburne's unrivalled powers are no longer equal to such arduous tasks.

The late Mr. Bradlaugh was a fairly strong chessplayer, and at one time frequented Simpson's Divan. Of late years, of course, his public labours turned his attention to other matters; but in the House of Commons a game was always a favourite relaxation. He was also a fine draughtplayer, and competent judges have expressed an opinion that he was good enough, with proper practice, to have been the English champion.

We have received the first number of a new German chess periodical, entitled *Deutsches Wochensachsch*. It is under the joint editorship of Herren Bardeleben, A. Heyde, and B. Hülsen; and among those assisting in its production appear the names of O. C. Müller, of London, and J. H. Bauer, of Vienna—an array of talent it would be difficult to match. A capital portrait of Bardeleben accompanies this issue, and the contents are varied and interesting. We wish the new venture all success.

The Hampden Chess Society defeated a team from the Union Bank on Jan. 26 by five games to two. Mr. Wainwright will play twelve simultaneous games against the members of the society, on Monday evening, Feb. 9.

There seems to be considerable doubt and uncertainty concerning the celebration of the tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin. Some of the authorities are in favour of the present year, others insist on 1893, and perhaps a still more influential party upon 1894.

SOME AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I see Mr. Rudyard Kipling is delivering his soul of much bile against the American nation, their habits, their manners, their accent, their theories of literary property. Mr. Kipling has a personal grievance. He was not well treated by an American firm of publishers. Of the merits of the dispute I have nothing to say. Mr. Kipling may be quite right, or, according to the custom of literary artists, he may have allowed his spleen to be exaggerated by his zeal for amusing "copy." I know when the blood burns how prodigal the pen is of contumely and caricature. With a sense of humour and a personal grudge a practised writer can always extract copious material for ridicule out of American character and American institutions. I met a young man from Chicago at Lucerne. After dinner he discoursed with some of his countrymen, in a high-pitched voice, on the superiority of everything American to everything European. "We have the biggest country," he said, "and the most money—yes, and the best climate." Having some recollections of Chicago in the middle of winter, of the gentle breezes which blow from Lake Michigan and cause you to take refuge in doorways to make sure that your head is not in two sections, I smiled at the young man's enthusiasm. Had I been possessed by a burning sense of injury against some Chicago publisher, I should have taken the earliest opportunity of stating in print that everybody in that city is loud, ignorant, and aggressive, and totally devoid of that polished consideration for others, that unobtrusiveness of speech, that practised discrimination which distinguishes every Englishman when he is abroad. But, having lived a good deal in America, and having no scorching wrath to uncork, I cannot share the intensity with which Mr. Kipling stigmatises the ways of the whole people as vulgar, mean, and rapacious. Let us look at one or two units in American life. Take the hotel clerk, on whom Mr. Kipling lavishes such passionate sarcasm, as if he, and he alone, had just discovered the intolerable despotism of that official. Does he know that the hotel clerk is one of the oldest targets of American humour? Does he know that budding humourists get into training by shooting small pellets at that personage, who is equally impervious to ridicule and entreaty, and that the mature satirist regards a joke about the hotel clerk as the stalest of "chestnuts"? The only new things it is possible to say about him are that he is often obliging, that he is generally intelligent, and that the stranger will learn a great deal more about the life which surges through American hotels by interviewing the much-abused clerks than by taking umbrage at some piece of incivility and magnifying it into an international offence.

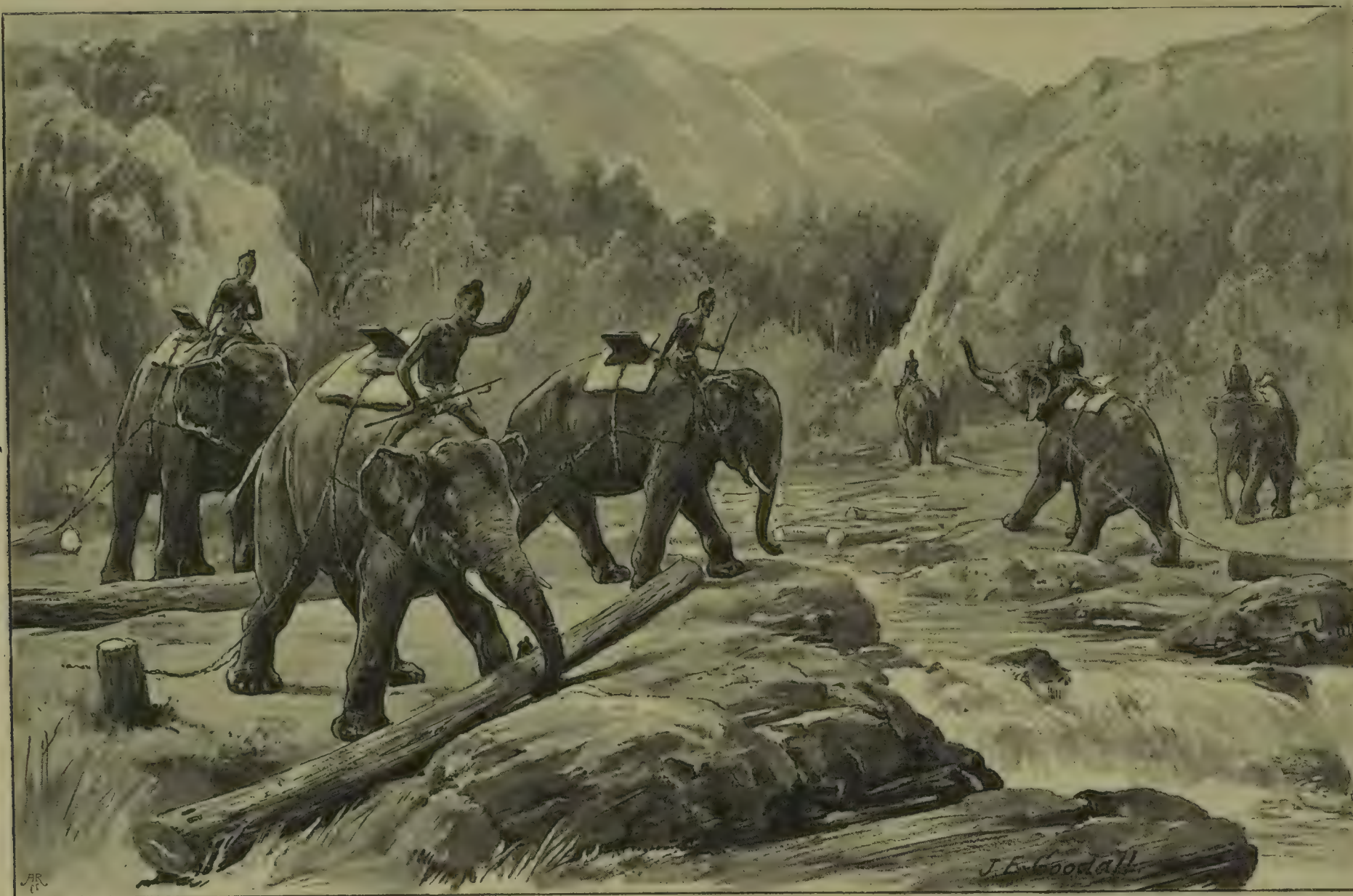
Or consider the coloured gentleman who is supposed to provide for your little wants in many American hostels. In some places—Chicago, for instance—he is distinctly crude. I remember one young man who remained deaf to all entreaties about supper because he was absorbed in the contemplation of his own beauties in a hand-mirror. It was Sunday, and he had shone upon us in a white waistcoat and large white mittens. The contrast of black and white was startling, especially when a mitten suddenly crossed your vision within an inch of your nose, and you discovered that a waiter was blandly reaching for something on the other side of you. I have a vivid remembrance, too, of the coloured gentleman at Pittsburgh to whom I preferred a modest request for a bath. I rang my bell, and presently I heard the clink-clink of the ice in the water-can coming up from the lower regions. Whenever you ring the bell it is supposed that you are parching for iced water. "I want a bath, please," I said apologetically, when an ancient African appeared at my door. "You want what?" he asked. I thought that age and long absence from Uncle Tom's cabin and the joys of plantation life might have dimmed his faculties; so I repeated the word "bath" in a high key. It was no use. Then I spelt it. "Oh!" said he, with an indescribable pity in his tone, "you mean bath." In my insular ignorance, I had pronounced the word according to the barbarous fashion of Englishmen. But, having no undying animus to gratify, I did not jump to the conclusion that all coloured gentlemen in America are like these specimens. When I lived at the Vendôme Hotel in Boston, I daily sat abashed before the superior graces of the African waiters. They were tall, erect models of athletic vigour. They were dressed in a style of chastened elegance. It was impossible to see any badge of servitude on those spotless shirt-fronts. I would not for worlds have addressed one of them as Sambo, or asked whether he had ever sung

There's someone in the house with Dinah,
Playin' on the ole banjo.

Or let us take the American accent. I know it in all its tones and semitones. One of the worst shocks I ever received was the first speech I heard from a beautiful young woman in Ohio. What eyes she had! But her voice was like the turning of rusty keys in unoled locks. Every fibre of my being shudders when I think of it. This is the wild American accent, the fiery, untamed, buck-jumping mustang of articulation. Yes, but I have heard an accent in the streets of Glasgow which I thought could only have proceeded from some antique fossil of a remote geological period. The megatherium, if it could be endowed with life and speech, would assail one's ears, I fancy, with some equally appalling sound. But when the American accent is cultured, when it does not seem to be coming out of the top of the speaker's head, when it does not threaten to derange the larynx, when it is softened into an upward inflection, and accompanied by eyes like that Ohio girl's—then I am thankful that I am not consumed by the spirit of gall which animates Mr. Kipling.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

Our accounts of the new regiments of Indian troops raised for service in Burmah, to take the place of the Madras regiments, have sufficiently explained their organisation: they are composed partly of Sikhs and men of the hill-tribes of the North-west Frontier of India. In the illustration now presented, a few of these soldiers appear to be amusing themselves with instrumental music after the duties of the day. Another scene in Burmah, not incidental, however, to military service, is that of elephants moving timber in the Chindwin Forest. The Bombay Burmah Trading Corporation employ about one hundred elephants yearly for this work. Teak logs, which have been felled on the banks of the river, are taken away in the dry-weather season by five or six elephants going along each side of the stream. A notch is made at the end of the log for fastening a chain, with which the log is dragged by an elephant, over rocks and hollows, to be floated down when the stream is swollen during the rains. During the operation of moving the log, a spectator would be amazed at the cleverness displayed by the elephant, sometimes untying his own chain, which is fastened to the log, then heaving the log up over rocks with his tusk and trunk, finally rolling it down, and giving an impetus in the downward motion by giving it a push with his trunk or foreleg.



ELEPHANTS REMOVING TIMBER IN THE CHINDWIN FOREST, BURMAH.



THE NEW REGIMENTS FOR SERVICE IN BURMAH: A MUSIC PARTY.



AN AFTERNOON WALK IN REGENT STREET.

LITERATURE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE UNION.

Abraham Lincoln: A History. By John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Ten vols. (The Century Company, New York: T. Fisher Unwin, London.)—The lapse of thirty years since the beginning of the American Civil War, under President Lincoln's Administration, may well allow political students to view that greatest transaction of national affairs in the nineteenth century from a truly historical perspective standpoint. It also happily permits contemporary observers to record "sine ira et studio, quorum causas procul habemus," their faithful witness to facts, and frankly to confess, partially even to correct, some of their original impressions. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, joint authors of this valuable and instructive work, the greater part of which has appeared during four years past in the *New York Century* magazine, were Mr. Lincoln's private secretaries throughout the four years of his Presidency. They have been furnished with every document and testimony, public or private, including those supplied from the archives of the Southern States and the memoirs of Secession leaders, at all likely to be produced in this generation. We have taken pains to compare their account, in several passages especially of civil and political actions, with voluminous narratives, both of American and of British compilation, which had already been published. It is but just to declare that the great superiority of this "History," not only in the abundance and authenticity of its original materials, but also in the grave, sober, and temperate spirit, free from partisan and personal acrimony, in which it is written, merits that it should at once supersede every other book on the subject. The ten substantial volumes make a considerable demand on the reader's leisure; but any serious inquirer for truth will find their attentive perusal an agreeable as well as profitable task. They are handsomely printed, with numerous lifelike and characteristic portraits, and with maps and plans of battle-fields, not exceeding the size of a page, inserted at convenient places. The authors' style is plain, concise, vigorous English, with but a few instances of grammatical variations from our own usage which are sanctioned by American literary custom; and there is no declamatory eloquence, no excessive prolixity of description. A complete and exact narrative of events so complicated by the various and changing relations of many States in the Union, different groups of States, and Territories not yet formed into States; of great national parties, which at certain periods altered their names and modified their purposes; and then, of the development of Secession, which was not an entirely simple and uniform movement; finally, of the circumstances attending the Civil War, its changeable conduct over wide campaigns of four years, and its political accompaniments, required ten such volumes. The military history, in this work, is kept subordinate to the political history, including that of the administrative business of the War Department by President Lincoln and his Ministers. Of this portion we could not spare a single page; and our remarks here will be confined to this subject. The personal biography of Abraham Lincoln, before he assumed the leadership of the National Party called "Republican" and became its candidate for the Presidency, has been often already narrated. It occupies the greater part of the first volume, deducting seven or eight chapters of political history, but, in the second and subsequent volumes, is merged in the main current of national affairs.

In saying, at the outset of this review, that conscientious students of this history, who are old enough to remember what they thought and how they felt about the American conflict in 1861 and 1862, its first two years, should be willing candidly to revise their earliest impressions with regard to its equity or its necessity, we must confess that its causes were then imperfectly understood, at least in our own country. But, speaking on behalf of the main body of Liberal public opinion in England, of the feeling in thoughtful minds among the middle classes of society, exempt from prejudice against a Republic, from jealousy of American prosperity, and from aristocratic sympathy with landed proprietors owning slaves or negro bondsmen, we could then, and do now, affirm that no unworthy motives prompted the general disfavour with which the war at its commencement was viewed on this side of the Atlantic. Detestation of slavery was quite as strong a sentiment among our own people as in New England; we had received Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other representatives of the Abolitionist cause, with greater enthusiasm than was ever manifested in Boston. It is certain that if the total abolition of American slavery could have been proclaimed as the intention of the Federal Government, when it began the military struggle with the Southern States, it would have instantly commanded the hearty good wishes of the great majority of Englishmen. There was no envious or malicious desire to see the Union broken asunder; if any persons here would have rejoiced in such an event, they were the most passionate haters of slavery, earnestly sympathising with Abolitionists like Garrison and Wendell Phillips, who were declaring, at that very time, their wish for political separation from the slave-holding States. The feeling of moral and religious abhorrence of that pernicious system had never risen here to a higher pitch; and it was combined with a sincere regard for the welfare and honour of that portion of America, notably Massachusetts and other New England States, whose literature, especially the writings of Channing, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Theodore Parker, had entered deeply into the British popular mind. What many of us failed to understand, previously to President Lincoln's decisive Proclamation of Sept. 22, 1862, was the policy of the "Republican" party, and the strictly political justification of the Federal Government in applying military coercion to the revolted States. The disapprobation here entertained for that course of action, to some extent naturally aggravated by the immense misery occasioned to our working-classes in Lancashire when deprived of the cotton supply, was resented in the Northern States more bitterly than it deserved. We could, however, in the most friendly spirit towards all Americans, readily explain the impossibility, at that period, of British spectators of their Civil War obtaining an adequate comprehension of its political merits. As we cherish, beyond all other international relations, those of mutual esteem and kindness between England and the United States—as we would fain have these relations not only preserved in perpetuity, but enhanced to an intimate and affectionate national sympathy—let us be permitted to use the History of President Lincoln's Administration for this good purpose. Our space does not admit of a connected review of so large and complex a narrative, which we can nevertheless recommend for entire perusal, as one fraught with interest and instruction exceeding any other history of the times.

The main question, from this point of view, turns upon the character and objects, from 1856 to 1861, of the "Republican" party in America. Those were years, we beg our American friends to observe, in which the British public could not pay much attention to American domestic politics, for we had to

think of the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, a Chinese War, some alarms of French hostile intentions, the French-Italian war against Austria, and apprehended European conflicts or revolutions. Some of us, indeed, had been previously more or less acquainted with the disputes in America from 1850, the date of the "Clay Compromise," to 1854, when the "Missouri Compromise," enacted so long ago as 1821, was repealed. We knew the meaning of those political landmarks, and that they concerned the possible extension of slavery to the western Territories under the immediate provisional dominion of the Federal Government and the legislation of Congress. By the "Missouri Compromise," as every writer on American politics had told us, there was to be no slavery north of 36 deg. 30 min. latitude, which seemed a good arrangement; and we felt sorry when Senator Stephen A. Douglas and the "Democratic" party destroyed that line of demarcation by an Act of Congress. We also felt indignant at hearing of the invasion of the Territory of Kansas by organised parties of pro-slavery bullies from Missouri, and of the murderous outrages perpetrated there to procure the forcible conversion of Kansas into a slave State. But that attempt was defeated, and the British public ceased to think about it. Very few persons in England were fully aware of the formation, in 1854, of a new "Free Soil" party, consisting of the old "Whigs," disciples of Henry Clay, who stood by the Constitution; the "Americans," nicknamed "Know-Nothings," who were Nationalists and Unionists; and the zealous Anti-Slavery men. This new party, called "Republicans," soon predominated in the north-western States. The State of Illinois, bordering on Kentucky, was much divided in opinion; and Mr. Lincoln, a popular honest lawyer at Springfield, who had been a poor rustic youth, a hired labourer, a small farmer, a land-surveyor, and had risen by his own industry and intelligence, having sat both in the State Legislature and in Congress, became the Republican champion against Senator Douglas. But of Mr. Lincoln, and of the Republican "platform" or exposition of principles, excellent as they were, nobody in England had heard much till May 1860, when he was nominated by the great Chicago Convention for the Presidency of the United States.

The Republican party, and Mr. Lincoln with it, as they became known to us during the next twelvemonth and, a year or two afterwards, in their political attitude throughout the early campaigns of the Civil War, disavowed all intention to abolish slavery in the Southern States. They were strictly loyal to the Constitution of the Federal Union. Abolitionists might be the noblest of men, heroes, saints, and martyrs, but could not be loyal to the Constitution, which manifestly precluded Congress from legislating on slavery in any State, and which prescribed the surrender of fugitive slaves. The only question for sincere Constitutional Unionists, like Mr. Lincoln and his friends, was that of the power to forbid the extension of slavery to the western Territories. After the breaking, in 1854, of the Missouri Compromise line of geographical demarcation, politicians who sought by legal and constitutional action to stop the spread of an odious social system began to demand that all new Territories acquired by the Union, however far south or west, should be "Free Soil." The Southern States party, on the contrary, insisted on denying the right of Congress to forbid slavery in any Territory. This was the main issue; for the Republicans did not refuse to give effect to the Fugitive Slave Law, to nullify the "Personal Liberty Acts" passed in several Northern States, and to provide for the adjudication of cases and delivery of escaped slaves to their owners according to law. Such was the policy of President Lincoln's Administration when the Secession of the Slave States brought on the Civil War, in April 1861, and for more than a twelvemonth afterwards, until July 1862, Lincoln seems to have had no idea of going further in the anti-slavery direction. We feel satisfied that his conduct in this respect was just and patriotic; that it was dictated by fidelity to his obligations as an official ruler and responsible statesman. But this is a sufficient explanation of the coldness towards the Northern cause in the Civil War that was felt in England among many who detested slavery, who did not wish ill to the Union, and who did not admire the South.

It might, however, yet be remarked—if any superior New Englanders, or any rigidly righteous censors of their own country here in Old England, still complained of the public sentiment that prevailed so long ago—that many people continued to expect the achievement of Southern independence after President Lincoln's Emancipation manifesto in September 1862. So they did, and would have been glad to see the war ended on those terms. But we beg leave to assure our American friends that this feeling arose from no hostility to their magnificent Union. The disinterested spectators of a conflict naturally come to entertain a sort of predilection for the side which appears to fight with the greater skill. Now General Grant and General Sherman, two of the greatest military commanders in modern history—not inferior, with the less perfect means at their disposal, to any Prussian leaders in the field—did not perform their most notable exploits till late in 1863, the third year of the war; Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, was captured in July; the fighting march through Tennessee to Georgia occupied several months; and it was in the spring campaign of 1864 that Grant's ability to deal with Lee's army in Virginia was first recognised. Every impartial critic of military operations had been previously convinced of the high merits of General Robert Lee as a strategist, and those of Generals Johnston, Longstreet, "Stonewall" Jackson, and others, as divisional commanders; while the blunders on the Northern side, under McDowell, McClellan, Pope, and Burnside, were notorious to all observers. It cannot be said that President Lincoln's War Department, from April 1861 to Midsummer 1863, when Hooker and Meade were in command, was ably served in the campaigns of Virginia and Pennsylvania; nor was it administered with sufficient decision, while it had tolerated, much too long, the dilatory feebleness of McClellan, accompanied with gross disobedience and insubordination. These unfavourable examples had a prejudicial effect on European public opinion. It was believed that the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy surpassed their antagonists in warlike talents, and were equally honourable men, patriots of their native States, however mistaken in their political views. When at length, just after the bare repulse, on Antietam Creek, of an attempted invasion of Maryland and advance on Washington, President Lincoln announced his purpose to liberate all the negroes in the revolted States at the beginning of the next year, it seemed less an act of humanity than one of desperation. We do not so think of it now; and, though Lincoln himself represented it merely as an act of military necessity or expediency, we are grateful to Divine Providence for having brought about the total extinction of slavery even by the deplorable prolongation of a terrible war. If the North had conquered the South in one or two campaigns, slavery would be existing in the Cotton States to this day. Its abolition cost over six hundred thousand soldiers' lives, and 4750 millions of dollars, reckoning the Federal and the Confederate losses and expenses together. God knows if that was too large a price to pay!

Abraham Lincoln, the man who saved the Union, and who incidentally put an end to slavery, was killed by a frantic assassin when he had done his task. There is no life of a statesman more worthy to be read.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Let us not talk of "Free" Libraries. "Public" is the word, not "Free." We have no more right to talk of Free Libraries, when we mean Public Libraries, than we have to talk of free drains or free lamp-posts. The term, moreover, is undignified and unpleasant. It is undignified, because it puts, or seems to put, the people's library, as an institution, on a level with the general tub in the common washhouse. It is unpleasant, because it suggests, more or less inevitably, some notion of charity. Now, whatever the Public Library may be, it certainly is *not*—in the common acceptance of the expression—a charitable institution. It is, on the contrary, a convenience which the citizens provide for themselves, with their own money; and, what is more, no public library is possible for any district in the Kingdom until the inhabitants of that district have decided for themselves that they will have one, and will tax themselves for that purpose. Is it necessary to add that the rate is one penny?

Let us talk of Public Libraries, then, not of Free Libraries.

Next, let us ask, How does it stand with the Public Library at the beginning of the year 1891? Comparatively well.

In 1879 the number of Public Libraries was only eighty-seven. At that date forty years had elapsed since the passing of the Museum Act (1839), so that the average was only two districts per annum. After an interval of thirty-six years from the passing of the Ewart Act of 1850, only 133 districts had enrolled themselves. At the end of last year, however, the total number stood at just over two hundred, "making an addition of no fewer than seventy in four years." Comparatively speaking, that is excellent. But now let us look abroad, for the truth is that we have not, after all, very much to boast of.

There is Austria, to begin with. Austria is not, perhaps, a supreme factor in European politics, but she has more Public Libraries than any other State across the Channel: the number is 577. France has 500; Germany, two short of 400. Great Britain comes next, with only half that number. Little Bavaria has 169.

Had the march of popular education been swifter with us, we should not have been so backward in our provisions of Public Libraries. It is not twenty-one years since we passed the Elementary Education Act, and at this day—within ten years of the close of the century—we have no Minister of Public Instruction! But, with the passing of the Act of 1870, the Public Library became less a luxury than a necessity, for the friends of popular education perceived "that the mental cultivation with which the community was concerned could not logically be confined to the training afforded by the elementary school. Further facilities were needed, and so the Public Library came to be regarded as a legitimate part of the machinery of the municipality."

Our future as a nation depends on our intellectual progress. In the banks, in the warehouse, in the merchant's counting-house, our clerks are ousted from their stools by Germans and by Frenchmen. The fault is partly theirs and partly the State's: theirs, through their lack of that dogged energy and attention to languages that win so much for the commercial youth of foreign countries; the State's, because it has barely yet begun to know how to train its lads in the ways of cosmopolitan commerce. Then our mechanics. How little real progress we have made in technical education, though we are doing very much in that direction now! The agricultural labourer—what amount of solid book-learning (as a supplement to that old-world learning of the fields which he gets for himself at the plough and in the hedgerow) are we giving him? And the School Board youngsters—what care are we taking to foster and develop in their after-life the few seeds of knowledge we contrive to sow in them during the brief years of their compulsory schooling? The Public Library is to help all of these.

Let us consider for a moment *how* it is to help them. There is much cant in these days about the cheapness of books; but books in these days are not cheap at all. English books are iniquitously dear in comparison with those that are published anywhere and everywhere else in Europe. Certain standard books are sold cheaply enough, it is true, but Shakspeare and Milton, and Scott's novels, and Macaulay's "Essays," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Tale of a Tub," and Miss Austen are not a complete library for the inquiring young man of to-day. And modern books—the books which the intelligent mechanic, the humble politician, and the impecunious student need to keep them abreast of the times (and of the progress in their own particular departments)—are not to be bought at the price of "standard" reprints. The circulating libraries supply them, but the annual subscription to any decent library of that sort (put it as low as a guinea) is beyond the pockets of the poor. Except through the portals of the Public Library, they cannot hope to come within sniffing distance of the new books and the reviews.

Then there is the question of recreation. If its cost were six times what it is (a penny rate), the Public Library would still be one of the cheapest forms of popular recreation. The enjoyment of an entertaining book asks very little "culture" on the part of the reader. "Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough, or too much. It relieves his home from its dulness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him to the ale-house, to his own ruin and to that of his family."

But let us not shirk the objections. For at least ten years to come it will be necessary to answer the objections, though their force diminishes, and they are easier of refutation, year by year.

The Public Library makes an addition to the rates. All objections are summed up in that. It does make an addition to the rates, and a penny is a penny to the taxpayer. But in certain circumstances a penny spent is several pennies saved, and the real truth is that if we had been spending a penny in the pound on Public Libraries for a hundred years past we should be spending fewer pennies in the pound to-day to maintain pauperism, crime, and the police. Public Libraries are educational concerns, and education costs much less than ignorance and crime. Elementary education (not all of which is paid out of rates and taxes) costs us in England and Wales about eight and a half millions of pounds per annum. Our paupers, out of whom (unless General Booth can turn them from paupers into men) we shall never, while the Poor Laws remain what they are, make a profitable penny, cost us precisely the same amount. Prisons and the police take a fair four millions out of our pockets every year. But, as Sir John Lubbock points out in the *New Review*, if we had not been spending steadily on education (including Public Libraries) during the past twenty years, our expenditure on prisons and police would now, on a calculation based on the increase of the population, amount to about eight millions sterling per annum, and on pauperism to at least double that sum.

What this means is, in other words, that our Public Libraries cost us absolutely nothing.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY.

The collection of original sketches by an artist whose name is become a household word among us will be welcomed by all, but most of all by those who are anxious to learn how much Miss Greenaway's art has been heightened or diminished



WASHING AND DRESSING ("LITTLE ANN").
BY KATE GREENAWAY.

by the processes through which she has become known to the public. The verdict cannot, we think, for a moment be doubtful. And, however readily we recognise the perfection to which colour-printing has been brought by the interpreters of Miss Greenaway's work, yet the original sketches show a delicacy and sense of humour which defy reproduction. Good taste and an almost infinite power of taking pains have hitherto been a recognised characteristic of her art, but we are now made conscious of points and beauties, both of line and colour, which have hitherto been but slightly appreciated. What these qualities are, M. Chesneau, the French critic, discovered many years ago in his careful analysis of the English school of painting. Mr. Ruskin took M. Chesneau's text as the subject of one of his lectures at Oxford; and went even beyond his text in praise of Miss Greenaway's work. In fact, it is only true to say that he went a little too far, for he makes the French critic give to Miss Greenaway's art encomiums which M. Chesneau applied to the excellence of the colour-printing, which had been brought to a pitch of perfection unrivalled up to that time. Nevertheless, the present collection of her original drawings will reveal a side of her talent which has hitherto been but slightly appreciated—the power of obtaining almost naïve results by carefully studied work. Among the majority of artists the touch of inspiration too often disappears in the laborious process of translating the thought; but, whether it be in the simple maternal feeling as expressed in "Washing and Dressing" (176), the childlike helplessness of "Blue Shoes" (169), or "In An Apple-Tree" (212), we recognise in the artist the rare quality of original fancy. Her conception of life and grace is altogether her own; and often, as for instance in "The Dancing Family" (220) and others, she obtains the most delicate expression of movement and feeling by the most simple processes. She must be endowed with a more than common power of observation, upon which she draws without fear of exhaustion; while the absence of anything like monotony in the hundred and fifty sketches here exhibited shows that she can clothe her fancy in a more varied garb than the majority of those who have attempted to emulate her success.

It may perhaps be pardonable to add that Miss Greenaway's first introduction to the public was through the medium of the *Illustrated London News*, a fact of which the writer of the notice to the catalogue of the present exhibition seems to have been unaware.

MR. HUGH THOMSON.

Mr. Hugh Thomson, although his work, in some respects, bears witness to the influences which operated on Miss Greenaway—as well as on the late Randolph Caldecott—has reached his goal by a very different route. While Miss Greenaway has had the benefit of the best training our Art Schools can afford, Mr. Thomson has relied upon his intuitive skill and his keen eyesight. It is barely ten years since he came before the world, and the whole of his life as an artist is to be found in the pages of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. His most important contributions were a series of illustrations for "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley" and Mr. Tristram Outram's "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," published by



TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN RED ("MARIGOLD GARDEN").
BY KATE GREENAWAY.

Messrs. Macmillan. In the former of these, and in several cognate works, costume, especially that of the last century, whether at Versailles or Almack's, played an important part; while in the latter country life and the pleasures of the road furnished the chief part.

The present exhibition includes only the drawings made for the recently published edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield" (Macmillan), uniform with the "Father Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall" illustrated by the late Randolph Caldecott; and, although Mr. Thomson cannot, perhaps, infuse that half-human expression which Caldecott could throw into his animals without falling into the snare of caricature, anyone who looks at the horses in "All their former splendour" (23) or "On fine days rode a-hunting" (12) will not fail to recognise the claims of the more recent artist to a knowledge of animal life. Every now and again—as, for instance, in the scene of "Dr. Primrose selling his Horse at the Fair" (55)—we have a touch of humour with which John Leech would have been satisfied; and in the drawing "The Picnic in the Field" (41), Mr. Thomson, in the old Vicar's attitude, touches an almost pathetic note. As a rule, however, his aim is rather reality than sentiment, and, although he looks at life from a very different standpoint to that occupied by Leech and Du Maurier, it is impossible not to see that it is towards their leadership rather than to Mr. Caldecott's that Mr. Thomson's art is tending. At this moment he seems to be in a transition stage, but we anticipate that ere long he will put aside the costume attractions of the last century, and grapple with life and character as they actually present themselves to his eyes.

MESSRS. VOKINS' GALLERY.

The loan collection of water colours on view at Messrs. Vokins' Gallery (Great Portland-street) is a useful supplement to the more restricted, but perhaps more instructive, display at Burlington House. A very large number of water-colour artists who left behind them a worthy record of their life's labours are wholly unrepresented at the Royal Academy, and many of these find recognition at Messrs. Vokins'. Among such are Dominic Serres, R.A., P. H. Rogers, James Jackson, R.A., F. Nicholson, and others. Here, however, or elsewhere, the work of Turner stands supreme in the rendering of cloud and atmosphere, whether in the Welsh "Valle Crucis Abbey" (4) or that gem of the Richmondshire series, "Hardraw Fall" (42), bathed in sunlight, and both typical works. There are also some good specimens of Copley Fielding's work, and it is interesting to compare his treatment of the Sussex Downs (13) with that of his follower Mr. Thorne



LITTLE BLUE SHOES ("MARIGOLD GARDEN").
BY KATE GREENAWAY.

Waite (119), showing how carefully the traditions of English water-colour painting are still preserved at the Old Society. It is not often that we can see such a good specimen of David Roberts's skill as a landscape-painter as in the "Approach to Madrid" (48), full of life and colour, though a little too theatrical in the arrangement of the soldiers marching into the city. Rogers's "Vale of Terascon" (58), W. Cowen's "Olivano" (61), and Jackson's bright "View of Mulgrave Castle" (78) are all interesting, the two former especially as showing the preference of the times for Italian over home scenery.

Among the figure-painters, Bonington is well represented by his figure "Grandpapa" (2), a masterpiece of colour; and there is an excellent specimen of J. F. Lewis's work (21), "A Scene in a Harem," when the artist was under the full sway of the pre-Raphaelites. Sir F. W. Burton, who also felt their influence, as seen in the "Turret Stair" (103), is scarcely so successful—the colouring of the lady's blue dress and gentleman's green doublet being too vivid for quiet contemplation, while the position of the latter's leg is painfully uncomfortable. A little frame (9) containing three studies, all painted about the same time, by David Cox, W. Mulready, and J. Constable, is one of the gems of this interesting collection, historically as well as artistically.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERY.

Mr. Anderson Hague, R.L., has brought together at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (160, New Bond-street) a number of large oil paintings illustrative of the scenery of "North Cambria," which are somewhat monotonously brilliant. He delights in broad effects and bright contrasts, taking a hint sometimes from Mr. Colin Hunter, and at others from Mr. R. W. Macbeth, both painters of talent, but rather dangerous guides. The two most important works—we take the artist's estimate—are "Evening" (28) and "The Mill Stream" (7), in both of which, apart from the accessories, the composition and colouring have much in common. The forced contrasts between his autumn-tinted trees and the blue sky are interesting when seen occasionally, or mingled with pictures painted in a lower tone, but, placed as they are here, they have the effect of seeming to wish to outblaze their companions. We confess a preference for more sober skies and fields, as in "The Haytime" (16) and "Pleasant Moments"

(24) spent in a sunny cornfield; but, as a rule, Mr. Hague's treatment of clouds is unsatisfactory and inclined to be smudgy. Great praise, however, is due to his two studies of still life, two bowls of chrysanthemums—gorgeous masses of blossoms—in the treatment of which his appreciation of effect and feeling for colour are displayed to the very best advantage.

At the same gallery Mr. Claude Hayes, also a member of the Royal Institute, displays a collection of small sketches made in Holland, Hampshire, and Surrey. Many of them show considerable painstaking, but seen together the general effect is flat and monotonous. Among the more successful are "Low Tide, Mudeford" (13), the "View of Christchurch from Mudeford" (48), the "Stour and Avon" from Blackwater (58), and "Royal Common, Surrey" (62). In the treatment of snow in "Winter at Milford" (52) and of the "Whitewashed Mill at Throop" (30) there is a more subtle appreciation of light and shade than in the majority of the sketches.

MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERY.

The annual display of water-colours at this gallery (Old Bond-street) varies rather in interest than in excellence. As no special feature is aimed at in each succeeding display, the visitor is certain to find something to attract his notice or to please his taste. On the present occasion, the older artists are certainly better represented than the "middle ages," the modern showing themselves in considerable strength. Of Turner's work there are some remarkably fine specimens, including the "Lausanne" (265), taken from the hill behind the town and looking down the lake through the golden haze towards Geneva; "Aysgarth Force" (278), a brighter and more fairy scene than even that in the Richmondshire series; and a superb view of "Westminster" (313) belonging to quite the earliest period of Turner's art, and showing the river as it looked from the Temple in days before it was spanned by any bridge between Blackfriars and Westminster. To an even earlier period must be assigned Malton's "Old Westminster Bridge" (130), which was at that time flanked by no stupendous buildings such as we now know it. To recognise how greatly the environs of London have changed during the century, we may turn to Varley's view of the "Thames above Putney" (159), then as sylvan a scene as De Wint's "Windermere Village" (160), and as different to what it now is as Scarborough of to-day as when depicted by F. Nicholson (166). The strength, indeed, of the present exhibition lies in the number of specimens, mostly good, and all interesting, of the less known water-colour artists of the century—Ponney's "Wells Cathedral" (129), Williamson's "Whitby" (241), Marlow's "Powis Castle" (288), and Hearne's "Sherwood Castle" (287) are all good specimens of the transition period of water-colour painting by men of whom the names are now almost forgotten; while the work of Copley Fielding, Ibbetson, De Wint, and Cotman show how, under the guidance of Turner, it developed into the beauties which David Cox and the later school of his followers were to develop. The more modern side of the art is represented here by Mr. Birket Foster (at various stages of his career), Mr. Wilfrid Ball, Mr. Charles Robertson, and others, and perhaps the greatest praise which can be accorded to their work is to say that it can hold its own against all but the best of their forerunners.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The late Dean Plumptre was honourably distinguished for his kindness and generosity to literary aspirants. Though for the greater part of his life a very busy man, he found time to read their books and manuscripts and to write them long and helpful letters. Among his pupils at Queen's College, Harley-street, was Sarah Williams, once well known to magazine readers as "S. A. D. I." She was a Welsh girl of genius, who died young. Her old master collected the scattered fragments of her work, and prefaced them with a graceful memoir. "Don't you like political women?" said Miss Williams once. "I do—they scold so."

Dr. Edwin A. Abbott, so long the popular Head Master of the City of London School, has retired to Hampstead. The other evening he took the chair at the annual meeting of the admirably managed Public Library, and made some interesting autobiographical references. As a child, he was not allowed to read stories till, when about twelve, he had a severe illness and was confined for many weeks to a room where all the Waverley novels were contained in an unlocked cupboard. As it was considered dangerous to contradict him, he was allowed to have his way, and emerged from the sick-room a new creature, having read the whole series, and some favourite volumes twice or thrice. This Dr. Abbott looks back to as an era in his history.

As is well known, Dr. Abbott is credited with the authorship of "Onesimus" and "Philo Christus," in addition to the many books that bear his name. That he is not at much pains to deny this may be inferred from his announcement that he had presented to the Hampstead Library "some books which I have written and also some books which I am said to have written." Professor Seeley has never directly or indirectly admitted the authorship of "Ecce Homo," and receives any reference to it with marked disfavour.

Canon Paget, of Oxford, has just published a new volume of sermons, with a touching dedication to his late father-in-law, Dean Church, "a most beloved light, support, and object of desire, whom God gave, and whom He has received." Dr. Paget's title, or part of it, will puzzle most people, whether they acknowledge it or not. I mean, "Introductory Essay concerning Accidie." Accidie is Acedia—"a weariness or distress of heart akin to sadness," most reasoned against by St. Thomas Aquinas, but still to be found in the world.

One of the rising men of the High Church Party at Oxford is Mr. Walter Lock, of Keble College. He contributed to "Lux Mundi," and has written very scholarly reviews in the *Guardian*. Mr. Lock occupied the University pulpit the other Sunday, and preached a fine sermon on "Intercessory Prayer," with effective quotations from George MacDonald and William Law. The Sunday before that Mr. Lock preached in the University pulpit at Cambridge on the teaching of St. Paul.

The Bishop of Manchester has given at Cambridge a remarkably outspoken sermon on the Old Testament. The "heresies" of "Lux Mundi" are mild in comparison with those of the Bishop, who, to a large extent, accepts the conclusions of criticism, and maintains that they strengthen the faith. "Lux Mundi," says the *Guardian*, "is hardly the quarter at which judgment ought to begin."

The most popular religious publications of the day have been Professor Henry Drummond's shilling booklets, "The Greatest Thing in the World" and "Pax Vobiscum"—three hundred thousand of the former having been printed in little more than a year, while in a few weeks a hundred thousand of the latter have been sold. When Lady Aberdeen opened the new Hospital for Diseases of Women at Glasgow, she went round the wards accompanied by Professor Drummond, and presented each patient with a bunch of white hyacinths, while the Professor gave to each a copy of his "Pax Vobiscum."—V.



THE GOORKHA "DASERAH," OR FESTIVAL OF THE GODDESS KALI, AT ALMORA.

SKETCH BY MAJOR G. FULLEY, 1st BATTALION 3RD GOORKHAS.

THE DASERAH WITH THE GOORKHAS.

Our large Engraving represents the scene at the Festival of the Daserah, which is observed with great pomp by all Goorkha battalions, whether in cantonments or in the field. Leave for ten days is granted to the entire regiment, all parades and drills being excused; and it is customary, on one particular day, for the British officers, at the invitation of the Goorkha officers, to witness the sacrifice of bullocks, as a propitiation to the great goddess Kali, in whose honour the festival is held. This goddess is known in India by several names, but it is as the goddess Kali, the avenger, that she is chiefly worshipped at many temples and wayside shrines. She is especially to be propitiated on the eve of battle, and the Goorkhas regard the celebration of the Daserah just before their battalion takes the field as particularly auspicious of a victorious campaign. Barbarous and savage as the scene may appear, it is this temper of superstitious ferocity that makes the Goorkha soldier what he is—absolutely devoid of fear of death, and staunch to his leader in the moment of need, which qualities, with his sturdy physique, his love of outdoor activity, and his readiness to submit to military training and discipline, make him a good soldier. Our correspondent, Major C. Pulley, of the 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas, has led these plucky little fellows during fifteen years.

A few particulars descriptive of the Daserah and its origin may prove of interest. At the beginning of all things, or thereabouts, Kali, whose birthplace was Kailas (the Himalayas), rid the world of the great demon Mekhasur. He and other unpronounceable fiends had been making themselves generally obnoxious, killing and devouring all they came across. The Daserah was instituted to commemorate the great victory of Kali, and the release of suffering humanity from the powers of evil.

In every Goorkha battalion a large tent or shamiana is pitched on the parade-ground or other convenient spot, and is called the "Daserah Ghar." A small quantity of barley is sown under the canopy, and a man is told off from each company to watch it. The regimental pipers, buglers, and drummers—indeed, the entire regimental band—keep up their melody as a welcome to the goddess, and a few Brahmins are paid to offer up prayers for the welfare of the regiment until the morning of the ninth day. Every morning and evening the men assemble to sing and dance and to regale themselves with goat's flesh and canteen rum. One day, known as the "Phulpati," is observed, by large quantities of flowers being brought to the tent, the ceremony concluding with the sacrifice of a goat. On the night of the eighth day—the "Kalratr Poojah"—prayers are offered up, and another goat is killed, the proceedings terminating with a Goorkha nauch, accompanied by much singing and rhythmic beat of hand and foot. On the ninth day an altar called "Bedi" is erected, and the sacred fire is lighted, on which are thrown rice, barley, and clarified butter, while the officiating Brahmins keep chanting a hymn setting forth the wondrous exploits of Kali. The rifles are piled with bayonets fixed and bedecked with garlands, the regimental saluting-flag is hoisted, and the rifles are then blessed by the Brahmins and are worshipped. This, with a fresh slaughter of buffaloes and goats, with exhibitions of nauches, wrestling, and native foolery, ends the day.

The decapitation of the buffalo is performed by one of the soldiers, usually selected for his dexterity in the use of the "kukri," or Goorkha knife, the national weapon. If he is successful in cutting off the head at one blow, an extremely difficult feat with a large buffalo, he is rewarded with a money prize, or perhaps a gold-laced cap; if, on the other hand, he fails, he comes in for a good deal of scorn and ridicule.

Teeka, the tenth and last day of the festival, is considered the day of good omen, most especially if it precedes immediately the march for active service. Rice and curds are placed on the forehead, and the barley sown under the tent is cut and is placed over the headress. The men of the regiment assemble, and the Subadar Major, or senior Goorkha officer, places the mark on the foreheads of the other Goorkha officers, who afterwards similarly decorate him, and then the men of their own companies. There is a general blessing all round, and victory to their arms, with discomfiture to the Queen's enemies, is heartily invoked.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN THE KITCHEN.

The preliminary hearing in a highly interesting case was held before Judge Blauvert, in New York, on Feb. 6. Mr. Emmond appeared as defendant in an action brought by Mrs. Margaret Dusen for conspiracy and defamation of character. It would appear that Mrs. Margaret Dusen keeps a boarding-house, and Mr. Theodore Emmond is one of the boarders, the price he paid for his lodging and keep being five dollars a week. Mr. Emmond appears to have been dissatisfied with the fare, and he devised and carried out a striking method of at once finding out the nature of the provender placed before him and his fellow-boarders and avenging himself and them for Mrs. Dusen's alleged shortcomings. In pursuit of his scheme Mr. Emmond placed a phonograph in the kitchen, and privily bribed the cook to set it working when her mistress was talking. This she did, and one Sunday, after dinner, the instrument having in the meantime been brought from the kitchen into the dining-room, Mrs. Dusen was invited to join the boarders and witness an exhibition of the new instrument, which Mr. Emmond explained to be a newly invented music machine. It was soon evident, however, that it did not produce harmony. After deluding his landlady into the notion that the phonograph was an instrument for producing a "concord of sweet sounds" suitable for a Sunday afternoon, he induced her to preside thereat. She had, however, no sooner set the machine working than the assembled boarders heard the following deliverance in Mrs. Dusen's own well-known voice: "Mary, you don't want to pay over eight cents a pound for meat, anyhow. It's good enough for them. You can get it in Mulberry-street for that. You are giving too big prices for steak. If they don't like it, let them eat more vegetables. Yesterday you bought fresh pie. How often have I told you to save five cents by getting it stale and warming it up? Then this bill of twenty-five cents a pound for coffee is too much: coffee at fifteen cents a pound will do in the future. I have got enough trouble to make both ends meet without feeding three men at five dollars a week on porter-house steak." When Mrs. Dusen heard this peculiar sort of "music" she darted from the room, and sought the advice of her lawyers, with the result that Mr. Theodore Emmond was summoned to appear before Judge Blauvert, to answer the charge of defamation and conspiracy preferred by his incensed landlady. After hearing some of the evidence, which created the greatest merriment in court, Judge Blauvert adjourned the further hearing of the case.

The deaths of 131,535 infants under one year old were registered last year in England and Wales.

The Bishop of Durham has appointed Mr. Lewis T. Dibdin, of Lincoln's Inn, to succeed Mr. Justice Jeune as Chancellor of the Diocese of Durham. Mr. Dibdin practises at the Chancery Bar, and holds the Chancellorships of Exeter and Rochester.

NEWSPAPER COMPETITION.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Excess of competition is the most devastating disease of the time, says the Socialist. Three fourths of his doctrine is directed against this excess; his first endeavour is to correct it; and his ultimate aim is to destroy competition in all its varieties outright.

I wonder how he would begin with the newspapers? In a well-established Socialist community, of course, there would be no newspapers, no reviews, no any other sort of writings with a word of criticism in them; yet it may be assumed, perhaps, that no Socialist Government would commence by abolishing every printing-press but the one that would be necessary to strike off its decrees and its tracts. Abolition would be gradual; but how would it begin? Every sheet which is a newspaper, or a commentary on news, would go at once, of course. A well-regulated Government Gazette would supersede them all; not only on account of the pernicious tendency of individualist freedom of remark, but for economic reasons. For the immediate result would be to bestow on labour an immense amount of leisure, and to curb the luxury which, not content with a *Times* or a *Chronicle*, will have both, and a *Saturday Review* and an *Anti-Jacobin* into the bargain. But what about more innocent productions? Trade journals like those which record and nourish the competition of builders, grocers, and ironmongers would come to a natural end at once: they would die like mice in vacuum. But what of such publications as the multitudinous progeny of the famous Mr. Newnes? What of the three hundred and thirty-three sheets devoted to society? Or, for that matter, what of such beautiful and guileless products of the press as the gentle reader sees before him at this moment? Do the Abbé Siéyèses of Socialism propose to murder them all, and so put an end to competition in illustrated newspapers? Or will they begin by stifling a few—those, of course (this would be the merest justice, according to Socialism), which thrust themselves into existence for the very purpose of committing that deadly offence against society, Competition?

Some time in the next century, perhaps, these will become grave questions, among a hundred others of a precisely similar import. But, so far as may be judged, it will be very late in that century, or in the next—if ever at all. Therefore, speculation is restricted to the consequences of newspaper competition as it exists, expands, and is likely to expand yet more for many a year to come. There are some who think it a serious thing, inasmuch as the enormous "output" of ephemeral publications tends to dilute the public mind, which the Press should rather inform, strengthen, and inspire; and, for my own part, I have no doubt that the political press had a far greater influence on public opinion and the direction of affairs when it spoke with fewer voices. But that is about the worst of it. It is true that (even when large quantities of merely pernicious rubbish are put out of account) the mass of matter poured from the printing-machine has no more relation to literature than the rudest scene-painting has to art. But the scene-painter has his uses—even educational ones. Out of five hundred men and women in the gallery of a theatre, not fifty, perhaps, would find much delight in a Claude or a Turner—not a tenth of the pleasure, at any rate, as when the curtain rises on the scene-painter's rose-embowered cottage in a pea-green vale. The gasp of admiration in the gallery when this scene is displayed is often the first breath of a conscious love of pictures, of art; and when that love can grow, it will, becoming less and less satisfied with crudities. It is so with the enormous number of trashy publications, most of them enlivened with romance, that stream from the press. I count their crudities and absurdities as nothing, so long as they are not vicious, convinced that for those who read them they are educational. They stir imagination where it would otherwise remain as moveless as the wings in a chrysalis under a clod. In a humble way, like most beginnings, they provoke to observation, comparison, criticism; and by help of these the reader of the "penny dreadful" finds his way to better things. I go so far as to think it hardly humane to be scornful of the delight of the gallery-god in his pea-green vale, or of the swarm of publications which alone are capable of putting life into the torpid fancy of millions who have only lately learned to read anything.

Let them compete, then, as much as they please, these publications; some going lower to pick up the lowest, some rising higher in accord with the extension of finer tastes. Much good and little harm will be the outcome, from the literary point of view—certainly if a strong hand be kept over the wretches who are willing to pander to vicious passions.

But we began by talking of a different kind of publications—daily and weekly journals of the higher sort, the astonishing increase in their number, and their devouring competition. The youngster who now surveys a W. H. Smith and Son bookstall can have no conception of its different aspect when the leader of the House of Commons was a slender youth—which is not so very long ago, as he would admit. At a penny, at twopenny, at sixpence, twenty journals are published nowadays for every one that existed when whole quires might have been concealed under certain waistcoats without straining the buttons. Some came that have gone, but they were not the majority. Most of the new comers remained and still flourish, though not (as doubtless would have been much more pleasant) at the cost of their predecessors. That is one of the most remarkable things about newspaper competition. Some athletic young stripling of a print steps into the field, and "Goodbye to the old Grouser! Farewell to the old *Trumpet*!" say the knowing. The young one thrives beyond hope; but question any sufficiently learned newsvendor, and he will tell you that the older journals are more flourishing than ever. Greater excellence and a wider market, these are the only signs of competition they display. So it is in four cases out of five. It is the rule. While some addition to the newspaper press is made every month, or thereabout, their predecessors go on undisturbed, steadily adding hundreds or thousands to their sale, and prospering at all points. New readers come in from the "dim populations" which supplied very few readers, constant or inconstant, only a few years ago. Increasing excellence, better worth for the money, more money to spend, the extension of taste and knowledge among buyers and sellers alike, are all working together; wherefore, the bookstalls groan with increasing numbers in every sense, and the time is fast approaching when newsvendors will have to be grounded early in some system of mnemonics in order to carry on their distracting business.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is an improvement in the marriage market. Rates are looking up, after years of depression. The Registrar-General's Report for 1889 (only recently issued) shows that the marriage-rate was higher for that year than it has been in any previous year since 1884. For the five years above mentioned it descended slowly but steadily, in a way that seemed to portend the approaching extinction of the relation hated of Tolstoï, Ibsen, and the Shakers. So gradual a decline seemed to point to some underlying meaning, some half-hidden cause, making itself slowly perceived by means of its outward effects. Accordingly, various thinkers endeavoured to explain the phenomenon. Some said that the reason for it was the growing industrial freedom of women, making them less ready to accept of a low level of comfort, and of the generally unattractive domestic prospect offered to their acceptance by the other sex. Some put the case in precisely the reverse way, and averred that it was the pretentious pedantry, or the domestic laziness and the love of luxury, of the female portion of the community that were at the root of the trouble.

In one of these points of view it was the young women, and in the other it was the young men, who were unwilling to take on the yoke of wedlock. But only lately a third explanation appeared in the *Westminster Review*, combining both the sexes in the hypothesis of voluntary rejection of an effete institution. According to this writer, it was the vast spread of general culture that was at the bottom of the change. Men and women who have culture do not desire the barren joys of domestic life. Music, art, and books are all-sufficient to such high-toned souls, and the love of man for woman and of both for offspring is rapidly being relegated to the realms of barbarism where the uncultured dwell. One felt disposed to ask the price of a ticket to carry one off forthwith to the land of unculture. Only, first, one might like to know—if the writer were a woman, how old she was? or, if the thinker were a man, what was the strength of his grip, and if he could pull a skiff against the stream for a couple of hours? For age in the one sex and weakness in the other seem the most possible explanations of the train of thought that deduces a declining marriage-rate from the establishment of board schools!

However, all these fine-spun speculations may cease, for the marriage-rate is rising. The Registrar-General returns to the time-honoured explanation of marriages being dependent on the price of provisions. Very commonplace and a little unpleasant it no doubt is to think that all the finer feelings of the soul must be crushed by a bad harvest, as the sweet blossoms on the fruit-trees perish under a frost. Perhaps even it is humiliating to believe that it does not depend on Patrick and Norah's own will or on the strength of their mutual devotion whether they shall be joined "To live their lives in one," but that it is for the potato crop of next year to settle their fate. But, alas! life, with all its grand ideals, is based on these low circumstances. The saintly Puritan who looked at the thief in the cart and said, "But for the grace of God, there go I!" and Becky Sharp, who cynically declared how good she could have been if she had had ten thousand a year—both recognised how greatly conduct depends on economic conditions. So it does—and in regard to the marriage-rate above all other matters. The greatest rise is recorded in those agricultural countries in which the pinch of scarcity is most directly felt. The increase is nine per cent. in Buckinghamshire, and something higher than that even are Derbyshire, Herefordshire, and Northumberland, while Monmouthshire heads the list with a rise of seventeen per cent. over the previous year. So, after all, our young men and maidens have not grown to hate each other, or to despise the graciousness of honourable love. The marriage-rate was only lowered temporarily by those prosaic conditions against which individuals may struggle successfully, but to which the average man and the mass of mankind must submit their lives.

Of the marriages celebrated in the year under report, just upon seven hundred out of each thousand were solemnised in the Church of England. The proportion of marriages only civilly celebrated has steadily increased for twenty years past. But (leaving aside all considerations of the natural desire of Church communicants to celebrate their marriages by their own clergy) the civil wedding ceremony can never become really popular so long as it remains so bald and brief and uninteresting as it now is. The "Friends" are accustomed to unadorned rites, yet even they have of late years almost ceased to marry in their own meeting-houses. The Quaker ceremony is of the simplest. Bride and bridegroom sit side by side in silent prayer for some time; they then rise, and respectively call on the friends assembled to witness that they take each other for husband and wife. That is all; but that suffices for the law, provided the proper notice has been previously given and the presence of the Superintendent Registrar of the district is obtained, and his book signed. The Jewish wedding service is the one which seems to me to convey the most useful lessons to the assembled company. That service asks no vow of obedience from the wife, but impresses on her the obligation she is under constantly to show respect, love, amiability, and fidelity towards her husband; it requires from the bridegroom a promise of fidelity to his wife, and, furthermore, an engagement to *work* for her and be responsible for her future material well-being. I do not know that moral lessons of this kind are ever of much practical effect, but, if they are, it must be more profitable for all the old married men attending a wedding, as well as for the bridegroom, to hear read over what they promise at marriage in a Jewish church than in any other service with which I am acquainted.

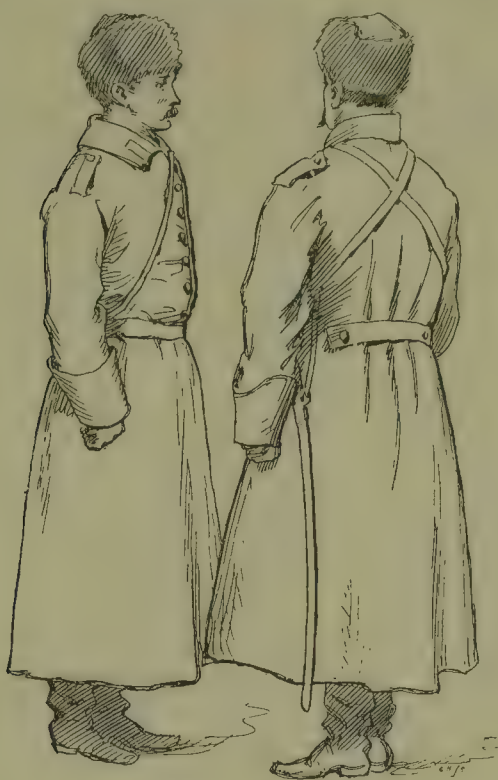
Not that it must be supposed that the Jewish Rabbis are really favourable out of measure to the woman. The Jewish boys daily recite a prayer of thanksgiving that they were not born girls; and they have as much reason for it as the boys of any other communion. It is in the Talmud that women are told the instructive story of rebellious Lilith, the first wife of Adam, and the original advocate of female independence. In the Book of Genesis it is at first said that "God made man . . . male and female"; and afterwards we learn about Eve, the rib. The Rabbis explain this by saying that there were, indeed, two separate creations of our sex. The first wife, Lilith, refused to be properly submissive to Adam, on the ground that she was made at the same time, and out of the same clay as he was, and, therefore, was his equal; as a punishment for which assumption she was condemned to enter the shape of the serpent, and Eve was constructed from Adam's rib to mark the utter inferiority of her sex. So do the Rabbis repress any notion on the part of women of equality between husband and wife. Nevertheless, the Talmud contains many little compliments to women, some of which were quoted in a lecture lately given by Mr. Isidore Myers: "The most precious gift a man can receive is a good and loving wife," "The mistress is the priestess of the home," and other pleasant sayings.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.

By our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

THE CITY OF YENISEISK.

Very few Englishmen have any real knowledge of Siberia. To most of them its name raises a dismal vision of ice-bound wastes and wretched exiles passing their lives in hopeless and



COSSACKS AT YENISEISK.

ceerless misery. Little do they know that, far away in the very heart of Asia, there exists civilisation equal to what is to be found in any part of Europe. But this is the case, and here, sitting after dinner smoking a cigarette, in a luxuriously furnished and delightfully warm apartment, surrounded by rare tropical plants, with appointments not excelled in Paris, I can hardly realise how far I am from Europe, or that outside the cold is 28 deg. below zero (Réaumur), and that I am at a short distance from the wild, uncultivated, uninhabited regions that we had to traverse before reaching this far-away Siberian city.

I shall never forget my impressions when, after the fourteen long dreary weeks passed in the Arctic Ocean, and in river navigation, we at last anchored off Yeniseisk. It was towards eight o'clock; a cold wintry evening, though October was not yet passed. The moon was just rising, and in the still evening air the effect was almost that of a huge panorama: against the southern sky many churches and the strange-looking wooden buildings of the Asiatic city stood out in sharply defined silhouettes, relieved here and there by the lights in the windows of the many houses facing the river, while along the banks we could just discern in the increasing twilight dark masses of people hurrying down to greet us on hearing the sound of our steam-whistle, which was being vigorously blown to announce our arrival. The church bells began ringing as we let go our anchors, and immediately all the Russians who were crowded on the upper deck, from the captain downwards, uncovered their heads, and, bowing devoutly, crossed themselves again and again as they murmured a prayer of thanksgiving for their safe return.

It was a strange and weird sight, and made me involuntarily rub my eyes, to ascertain if I were really awake, and all this not a dream—the long and wearisome journey at length at an end—the goal attained. There was, however, little opportunity for soliloquising, for within a very short space of time after the stoppage of our engines we were boarded and taken possession of by the inevitable custom-house officers and their assistants, and the voyage of the *Phoenix*, successfully accomplished, was a thing of the past. Much as we all naturally desired immediately to go on shore, we could not do so, for we were courteously though firmly informed that until our baggage had been examined none of us could leave the ship. The next day, however, was Sunday, and we were all awakened early by the sound of many church bells—not the familiar notes one knows so well in the old country, but a curious sort of jangle, without any attempt at harmony, in a low key, which reminded one of the noise produced by a child strumming with two fingers on the bass of a piano very much out of tune. Sleep after this was impossible, and we were all of us soon on deck, anxious to get a glimpse of Yeniseisk by daylight. The effect, though of course not so strange as when seen by moonlight, was undoubtedly imposing, and seen from the *Yenisei* the city certainly presents a grand appearance. No less than three fine churches stand in close proximity to each other facing the river, each one vying with the others in architectural pretensions, while all along the road facing the water are houses—or, rather, large villas, which remind one much of the South of France, except that they are of stucco instead of marble. Snow had fallen during the night, and, though the temperature was not cold, the aspect in the bright morning sunshine was decidedly wintry in effect. Shortly after breakfast the custom-house people (our old

friend Boudakoff included) started examining our baggage. From what I had always heard about Russian officials, I quite expected to have a *mauvais quart d'heure*, considering my large store of ammunition and my big cases of tinued provisions for my long land journey. To my astonishment, however, I was treated with a politeness and a courtesy which, in all my varied experience of this most irksome branch of Government officialism, has never been equalled. I could not help mentally contrasting it with what I have often experienced at Charing Cross, Newhaven, or Paris. In a very short time, my numerous bags, valises, and cases were disposed of, and I was free to land whenever I chose. Out of all my really large quantity of odds and ends, so to speak, I eventually only had to pay a slight duty on my photographic apparatus and films. After this, as you may imagine, we were all of us soon on shore, and exploring the place. On closer inspection, Yeniseisk does not, like many foreign cities, lose in interest, for the streets are wide, and there are many fine buildings in them which would compare well with those of most Western towns. Novel and interesting sights were to be met with at every step—strange-looking vehicles crowded the spacious market-place, surrounded by motley crowds of noisy peasants, who, however, were far too occupied with their bargaining to notice me by more than a passing glance, in spite of my costume, which, to say the least of it, must have been a novelty to most of them. I could not help picturing to myself the probable effect a Russian tourist would produce were he to turn up suddenly in an English provincial town on market-day and walk about among the crowd of rough country folk. He would possibly get more than a passing glance, and, doubtless, be glad when he had got out of the place. What struck me most at first sight in Yeniseisk was, to all outward appearance, the entire absence of shops, which, as a rule, give so much local colouring and life to a place. Of course there are shops, but from the outside they are unrecognisable, as no goods are displayed in the windows, and only a name-board betokens their existence. This, I hear, is the custom throughout Siberia, and it is easily understood, when one considers that in all the houses there are double, and in some cases even treble, windows, to keep out the intense cold during the winter, and that even in spite of these precautions the innermost windows are thickly coated with ice, notwithstanding the high temperature of the rooms!

I was much surprised to learn that there was no hotel in Yeniseisk—a fact, doubtless, to be accounted for by reason of the few travellers who visit this out-of-the-way place, those having occasion to do so probably staying with friends or taking lodgings. Perhaps, however, with the possible annual advent of English tourists by the Kara Sea route, some enterprising Yeniseisk citizen will find it a profitable venture to start one (on English lines, it is to be hoped). Fortunately, lodgings



WATER-CARRIER, YENISEISK.

were readily to be got—and cheap into the bargain; so, with the aid of an interpreter, I was soon snugly quartered in two rooms, which for comfort and warmth left nothing to be desired, though there might perhaps have been a little more furniture, and also washing accommodation, but that, however, was a detail. I have stayed in many worse rooms when on sketching tours in France. "Board and lodging" I arranged for, but I afterwards discovered that, although they had agreed to provide "everything," I was expected to find such extras as bedding, sheets, blankets, towels, tea, sugar, milk, butter, eggs, and candles, if I desired such luxuries. When I expressed my surprise to the interpreter, I was informed that such is the Russian custom. I asked what "board and lodging" really meant, then, but he was unable to explain. As he was a Russian himself, he probably thought what strange ideas Englishmen have! However, in spite of this slight inconvenience, I managed to settle down comfortably in a very short time, and found the people I was lodging with very obliging, and ready to do their best to supply my wants when I tried to express them in the few words of Russian I had managed to pick up while on board the *Phoenix*. It was the commencement of the "season" when we arrived at Yeniseisk, and the town was full; for, with the advent of winter, the neighbouring gold-mines are deserted, and the rich owners return to their palatial town residences, so the place presents a much more animated appearance than it does during the summer, when the greater portion of the male inhabitants are absent, and the streets look comparatively empty. The great industry of Yeniseisk is, of course, centred in its gold-fields, which were once among the most important of Siberia, but are now not so prolific as formerly. Everybody in the town has a direct or indirect interest in them, this being easily accounted for—the money made in them being, as a rule, spent in Yeniseisk, so all the local trades profit by it. No less than eight thousand men are annually employed in the different workings—many coming from long distances to get employment—the pay, as a rule, being exceptionally good, and all their food found them. Some of the wealthiest of the mine-owners employ as many as 600 men, and have a hospital and medical staff permanently attached to the works. The alluvial gold-mines of the Yeniseisk district have been worked since 1839. The quartz working has only recently been commenced, and it promises very great results. Better skill and appliances than are at present available are, however, needed. During the winter months Yeniseisk is well provided with amusement: there is a capital club-house, which would pass muster anywhere, to which is attached a theatre and a ball-room, with a delightful "floor," and performances or dances take place two or three times a week. I shall long remember my first evening at Yeniseisk, when I was taken to see the club; there was a dance on, and in the large, brilliantly lighted rooms, with an excellent band playing a familiar waltz, it was hard to believe oneself nearly

two thousand miles from a railroad, and in the very heart of Asia. Society in Yeniseisk, of course, consists principally of the wealthy mine-owners, or merchants, and their families, and the Government officials and theirs. These are sufficient pretty well to fill the club on big dance nights. Exiles, who naturally form an important contingent, are only allowed to enter subject to certain restrictions. For instance, the criminal ones are only permitted to come to the performances in the theatre, and are obliged to leave immediately after; while the political ones are permitted to remain after the performance, but on no account to dance. I learnt all this on inquiry, for to a casual observer nothing is noticeable of these arrangements, as the exiles fall in with them without demur, and everything is conducted in a manner which certainly reflects great credit on the management, and could not be excelled in any European club of the kind. Still, in spite of all this, I could not help feeling that Yeniseisk is a very democratic place. Everybody somehow seems to think himself as good as anybody else, and at a performance, during the entracte, when everyone walks about, you become quite tired of the number of people who expect you to shake hands with them, from the rich mine-owner to the discharged convicted forger, in Siberia "for life."

A few days after, I received an invitation to visit the hospital, and, as I had heard it was a very interesting sight, I eagerly availed myself of it. On entering the principal ward, every bed of which was occupied, I was much struck with the curious effect before me: it looked as if the place had been prematurely decorated for Christmas. Everywhere pine saplings were placed—between the beds and along the walls—reaching from the ground to the ceiling. On asking the reason, I was informed that it was to purify the air: it certainly wanted it, for the atmosphere was simply stifling. An English doctor would have stood aghast at the temperature. There was no attempt whatever at ventilation, and the triple windows were all hermetically sealed. Only a Russian could have lived in it, and all the patients seemed comfortable enough. I heard there was an unusual amount of sickness in Yeniseisk this year. The fire brigade at Yeniseisk, as is usual in all Siberian towns—where the danger is so great in consequence of the many wooden houses—is remarkably well organised. In case of need, the numerous water-carriers of the town are bound to give their services and provide horses and water-carts; while in the tower over the fire-station is always a watchman, whose sole duty is to look out for the enemy, and to give warning of any outbreak by means of a big alarm-bell fixed on the upper platform.

What, I fancy, astonishes an Englishman most in Siberia for the first time is the wonderful temperature he finds inside all the houses, from the richest to the poorest—a temperature so equable as to permit of the rarest tropical plants being cultivated with the greatest success—I may say, in fact, that many of the houses of the rich mine-owners present the appearance of conservatories, so crowded are they with exotics of all sorts, from climbing plants trained to grow round the doors to huge palms or plantains—and all in the most perfect condition. An Englishman's surprise is, therefore, comprehensible. He has heard of the frightful cold of the Siberian winter, so arrives in the country duly armed against it according to English ideas. To his astonishment he finds that, when the thermometer in the street registers 40 deg. of frost (Réaumur) the temperature of his room is still as genial as though it were spring, although there is no stove visible: his thick flannel shirts are naturally very much too warm—he only requires one thin blanket on his bed, and, when he goes out into the open air, his fur *schooba* is amply sufficient to keep out the cold. That most complete device for heating a house that was ever imagined, the Russian stove, robs, therefore, the Siberian winter of many of its terrors, and makes a visit to this interesting and little-known country pleasant even during the coldest period of the year. The town of Yeniseisk at this moment is, of course, of great interest to Englishmen, on account of the scheme for sea traffic between England and the Yenisei—which, if it prove successful, will probably go a long way towards making the fortune of the smart little town—and, if the canal is ever finished which the Government is constructing to connect Yeniseisk with Tomsk, there will exist, by means of the Volga, Obi, Yenisei, Irtysh, Angara, and Amoor Rivers, one of the longest water highways of the world, and Chinese and Central Asian goods will be brought direct to the railroad at Tiumen, and thus to the gates of Europe, without transhipment.

(To be continued.)

Our Special Artist's Views of the High-street of Yeniseisk, the Collegiate Schools, and other public buildings, and his Illustrations of the Russian convict prisons there, will appear in our next publication. The minor Sketches on this page are those of some of the townsfolk. The other Illustrations refer to the long voyage up the Yenisei, which has been narrated in Mr. Price's letters already published, and to that part of it from Turuchansk to Yeniseisk. The post-office mail-boat, drawn by dogs, was met on one occasion, the dogs towing it along the bank of the river.



A SWELL IN FURS, AT YENISEISK.



MARKET-WOMAN AT YENISEISK.



BOYS AT YENISEISK ADMIRING THE STEAMER.



The river voyage from Turuchansk up to Yeniseisk is a distance of more than five hundred versts; and the post, which goes only once a month, is carried, in summer, by a boat, and by a sledge in winter, drawn in each instance by dogs harnessed to the vehicle. Spare dogs run behind, to relieve the others by taking their turn, and they can draw the boat, against the stream, at the speed of forty or fifty versts, or kilometres, in the day. These dogs are of an entirely different race from those of Europe. There were a couple of English dogs on board the steamer Phoenix—a bulldog and a fox-terrier. It was very amusing one day, when the passengers took them ashore for a walk. The village dogs, which are very quarrelsome animals, could not make out the strangers at all, and would, no doubt, have ill-treated the smaller one, had it not been for the determined attitude of Punch, the bulldog, who evidently considered Kara, the terrier, as under his protection.

The navigation of the Yenisei, in some parts, is so dangerous and uncertain that local pilots must be engaged at each village. One of them is represented in consultation with the captain at a very difficult place on the course of the great river, which also presents, here and there, strong currents and rapids impeding vessels in the ascent, especially in the Kamin Pass, where it flows between high rocks and forests of pine-trees. But the steamer Phoenix managed to get past with her four laden barges in tow, while the accompanying tug was aground for two whole days. At Turuchansk, it was observed in the previous narrative, the approach to the shore was much incumbered by sandbanks. It is probable, however, that something can be done for the

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION ON THE YENISEI RIVER.

improvement of the channel, which will not be neglected when the traffic comes to be more largely developed. Lower down the river furious northerly gales of wind are occasionally a cause of danger; and the navigation is blocked by ice during several months of the year.

The Yenisei, with its tributaries, of which the Angara, called the Selenga nearer its source eastward, is the most

important, drains an area of 1,180,000 square miles, and this vast river-system is navigable for 5000 miles. It occupies nearly the whole of Central Siberia between the basins of the Ob and the Lena, two other great rivers flowing from the central mountain plateau of Asia northward to the Arctic Ocean. Their waters, extending widely over the plains east and west, approach each other within a very few miles.



THE POST BOAT ON THE YENISEI RIVER.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

A REMINISCENCE OF AN ITALIAN WINTER.

It would ask a certain courage to take up one's pen with the deliberate intention of abusing the Italian winter. But, without doing this in set terms, one may be permitted to recount one's experiences, and leave it to the unbiassed reader to draw his own conclusions as to whether the virtues of the Italian winter have been a trifle over-estimated. Let due allowance be made for a season of exceptional severity, but let it be remembered also that the guide-books and the tourist agents and the tourists themselves have always protested that, whatever the weather on this side of the Channel, there was balm in the land beyond the Alps.

I left London in the first days of January (not in the present year of grace), just when the pipes were beginning to burst. Paris was ankle-deep in sleet and slush; but no one expects anything of Paris in January, and I quitted it with a light heart by the night train, in confident expectation of a southern sky and southern airs on the other side of the frontier. I know nothing more charming than to awake at sunrise amid the mountains of Savoy on a fair January morning, to throw open the window of the railway carriage and take one's first draught of Alpine air, to watch the first beams of the sun touching with rosy colour those clear snowy heights, growing broader and warmer as they steal down the mountain-sides, and then flooding with a strong white light each valley and dark ravine, giving a hundred rainbow tints to the rushing waters of stream and torrent, and calling into life those sleeping villages, each with its tiny church in the midst, hanging there so beautifully between the sky and the glistening earth. And the sky is the sky one has dreamed of and longed for—the sky that one has seen in pictures and never quite believed in, because it has seemed impossible that sky so liquid blue could be visible anywhere out of Paradise. This was the picture I awoke to on the wonderful Mont Cenis line between Paris and Turin; but all this glory vanished at Turin, which was wrapped in a drenching steel-grey fog, and locked in an Arctic frost—only a degree or two less cold, one fancied, than the lowest circle of the Inferno. How well Dante knew, by the way, that the extreme of cold is worse torture by far than the hottest fires of the furnace or the burning tombs! Yet Turin was beautiful by night, when the fog had lifted and the moon shone over the Po, and made deep shadows in the streets. And it was beautiful, too, the next morning, when the sky was blue again, and the sun lit up those wide and noble squares piled high with snow. But this was clearly not a resting-place for January, and I took the midday train to Genoa. A young lady in the opposite corner of the carriage, who lit a cigarette at her father's cigar, and offered me some sweetmeats from an inexhaustible reticule, warned me that I must not expect to find summer in Genoa; but I was not prepared for four inches of snow in the streets and gardens of the city of superb palaces. The glory of the Campo Santo, the splendour of Sant' Annunziata, and the fairy-like wonder of the palaces whose pillars are crusted with gold and their doors panelled in lapis lazuli, could be but ill enjoyed in worse weather than I had fled from at home; but I recall with a sort of pride (not unmixed with doubt that my grandchildren will discredit it) the fact that while I stayed in Genoa I saw ripe oranges hanging from trees, the boughs of which were weighted with snow. Sadly I turned my back upon Genoa, for it is a city of many delights, and went southwards to Pisa. Woe was me! Pisa was blind with rain. The cold had almost vanished; at least, it did not appear at all colder than an English October. But it seemed a pity to have journeyed so far for the pleasure of mounting the Leaning Tower with an umbrella, and getting wet through while gathering lilies in the quadrangle of the Campo Santo, when the custodian's back was turned. I walked in a macintosh in the pleasant garden by the Arno, and met no one but an aged priest solacing himself from a silver snuff-box under the dripping boughs of a sycamore. We saluted one another, and the father gave me a courteous blessing. When I returned, he was trudging home in front of me, his

long coat gathered petticoat-wise about his lean black stockings, and the rain running in rivulets over the edges of his flapping beaver.

It was now that I began unwillingly to ask myself whether the glorious Italian winter which I had read about, and had come to prove, were a mere invention of the hotel-keepers and the tourist agents. But one must go forward; so, from the frosts of Turin, the snows of Genoa, and the rains of Pisa, I fled by express train to Florence. Now, one cannot but be loth to say anything unkind about the radiant city of Dante, but, if anyone can tell me of a habitated spot in Europe where the wind blows with direr or more searching effect, I will not go there in mid-January. I shiver now when I recall the blasts of Florence. Wrapping my rug around me, I settled down despairingly in the train for Rome. The blue vanished

from cold in the head. And when the weather is really inclement the City of the Casars is a place of unspeakable torment. The houses are built for protection not against cold but against heat; and, as for fires, many Italians have a positive dislike of them. There was a Count in the hotel I stayed at who used to employ himself of an evening blowing the bellows in the drawing-room; and, as his family was doubtless old at the time of the First Punic War, it seemed kind of him to take so much trouble for a handful of circular-ticket tourists, and one of us ventured to thank him. "Not at all," he replied. "I do this to amuse me. Personally, I hate fires."

When I had cured the cold and the slight touch of fever, which gave me occupation in Rome, I went southwards again to taste the climate of Naples. Sky, sun, and air were alike Elysian there, and the nights as tender as in English June.

Later, to be sure, they had a day and a half of snow; but at that time I was in Sicily, gathering prickly pears under the ruins of the Temple of Juno, and looking on the almond blossoms which whitened the slopes of Girgenti.

T. II.

WOOD CARVING.

Studies from the Museums. Wood Carving. Part II. By Eleanor Rowe. (R. Sutton and Co., Ludgate-hill.)—This second series of photographs of wood-carvings in the South Kensington Museum fully sustains the promises held out by the introductory volume. The specimens selected are wholly architectural, and give an excellent idea of the uses to which wood-carving may be placed in the decoration of rooms, large and small. It is to be regretted that Miss Rowe cannot inculcate taste as well as art, for in that case our eyes might be spared some of the appalling incongruities with which we are brought face to face in the houses of those who imagine that old woodwork found in a cottage or an ale-house must look effective in a dining-room or a library. She is, however, doing much to form a national school of wood-carving—and we must hope in due course both her patrons and her pupils will have reached the level when work will be again produced equal to that found near Exeter (Plate Twenty), which belongs to the sixteenth century, or to that removed from Lord Carington's house in Whitehall (Plate Twenty-seven), in which the influence of Grinling Gibbons is discernible. The plates are executed with great neatness and care, and are admirably fitted for the purpose the editor has in view—to make known to all art schools where wood-carving is taught the best specimens of old work, English and foreign, which have been preserved. Students who follow the course of practical study carried on at the School of Art Wood Carving have the additional advantage of being able to compare their renderings of these models with the originals, which are to be seen in the neighbouring museum.

Count Leo Tolstoi has once more run a-tilt against our social conventionalities, and this time it is tobacco-smoking which excites his ire. In the February number of the *Contemporary Review* he treats of this subject with very considerable vigour. Ask a man why he smokes, and the inevitable answer is, we are assured, "To drive

away melancholy. Besides, the habit is universal: everybody smokes." An analysis of the habit brings the Count to the conclusion that the need for the stimulant is peculiarly intense precisely when the desire to stifle the voice of conscience is at its height. One recalls Carlyle preparing some of the most inspiring utterances of "Sartor Resartus" amid clouds of tobacco-smoke, to which, by the way, his pious old mother added her pipe-fumes on occasion, and asks if these things can be. One remembers Tennyson writing those beautiful "Idylls" of his, and Canon Kingsley preparing his sermons—both of them with a keen regard to the quality of their tobacco, and one has misgivings as to the Count's theory, which he takes great pains to assure us is neither a joke nor an exaggeration. But the author of "War and Peace" lives among a nation of smokers—did not our charming friend Marie Bashkirtseff enjoy her cigarette?—and he suffers from the same reaction as came to Goethe, who was similarly situated, and whose hatred of narcotics was equally pronounced.



"TOPSY."—BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.

from the sky as we neared the Eternal City; clouds came in its place, leaden and lowering. Was it rain or hail that beat against the windows of the carriage? It was both. How they pelted down on me and on my coachman (though I did not pity him, he was so dirty), and on the poor lame beast that drew us with swaying steps to the hotel!

I inquired of the landlord whether it were always like this in Rome, because the person from whom I had purchased my circular ticket in London had led me to expect better things. No, the landlord said, it was not always like this, but when it did not rain it was apt to be cold; and he asked me if I would like a fire in my room, I seemed so damp. Well, the rain ceased in a day or two, and then the words of the landlord were verified, for though the sun shone superbly, and the sky was the same that had gladdened me among the mountains of Savoy, there was ice in the shady places in the streets, and the waters of the fountains were frozen. I visited the Borghese Villa one afternoon, and all the English and Americans whom I saw there were suffering

THE ART OF MARK TWAIN.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The duty of self-examination is frequently urged upon us by moralists. No doubt we should self-examine our minds as well as our conduct now and then, especially when we have passed the age in which we are constantly examined by other people. When I attempt to conduct this delicate inquiry I am puzzled and alarmed at finding that I am losing Culture. I am backsliding, I have not final perseverance, unless indeed it is Culture that is backsliding and getting on to the wrong lines. For I ought to be cultured: it is my own fault if I have not got Culture.

I have been educated till I nearly dropped; I have lived with the earliest Apostles of Culture, in the days when Chippendale was first a name to conjure with, and Japanese art came in like a raging lion, and Ronsard was the favourite poet, and Mr. William Morris was a poet too, and blue and green were the only wear, and the name of Paradise was Camelot. To be sure, I cannot say that I took all this quite seriously, but "we too have played" at it, and know all about it. Generally speaking, I have kept up with Culture. I can talk (if desired) about Sainte-Beuve, and Mérimée, and Félicien Rops; I could rhyme "Ballades," when they were "in," and knew what a *pantomime* was. I am acquainted with the scholia on the Venetus A. I have a pretty taste in Greek gems. I have got beyond the stage of thinking Mr. Cobden Sanderson a greater binder than Bauzonnet. With practice I believe I could do an epigram of Meleager's into a bad imitation of a sonnet by Joachim du Bellay, or a sonnet of Bellay's into a bad imitation of a Greek epigram. I could pass an examination in the works of M. Paul Bourget. And yet I have not Culture. My works are but a tinkling brass, because I have not Culture. For Culture has got into new regions where I cannot enter, and, what is perhaps worse, I find myself delighting in a great many things which are under the ban of Culture.

This is a dreadful position, which makes a man feel like one of those Liberal politicians who are always "sitting on the fence," and who follow their party, if follow it they do, with the reluctant acquiescence of the prophet's donkey. Not that I do follow it. I cannot rave with pleasure over Tolstoi, especially as he admits that "The Kreutzer Sonata" is not "only his fun" but a kind of Manifesto. I have tried Hartmann, and I prefer Plato. I don't like poems by young ladies in which the verses neither scan nor rhyme, and the constructions are all linguistically impossible. I am shaky about Blake, though I am stalwart about Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

This is not the worst of it. Culture has hardly a new idol but I long to hurl things at it. Culture can scarcely burn anything, but I am impelled to sacrifice to that same. I am coming to suspect that the majority of Culture's modern disciples are a mere crowd of very slimly educated people, who have no natural taste or impulse; who do not really know the best things in literature; who have a feverish desire to admire the newest thing, to follow the latest artistic fashion; who prate about "style" without the faintest acquaintance with the ancient examples of style, in Greek, French, or English; who talk about the classics and criticise the classical critics and poets, without being able to read a line of them in the original. Nothing of the natural man is left in these people; their intellectual equipment is made up of ignorant vanity, and eager desire of novelty, and a yearning to be in the fashion.

Take, for example—and we have been a long time in coming to him—Mark Twain. If you praise him among persons of Culture, they cannot believe that you are serious. They call him a Barbarian. They won't hear of him, they hurry from the subject; they pass by on the other side of the way. Now I do not mean to assert that Mark Twain is "an impeccable artist," but he is just as far from being a mere coarse buffoon. Like other people, he has his limitations. Even Mr. Gladstone, for instance, does not shine as a Biblical critic, nor Mark Twain as a critic of Italian art nor as a guide to the Holy Land. I have abstained from reading his work on an American at the Court of King Arthur, because here Mark Twain is not, and cannot be, at the proper point of view. He has not the knowledge which would enable him to be a sound critic of the ideal of the Middle Ages. An Arthurian Knight in New York or in Washington would find as much to blame, and justly, as a Yankee at Camelot. Let it be admitted that Mark Twain often and often sins against good taste, that some of his waggeries are mechanical, that his books are full of passages which were only good enough for the corner of a newspaper. Even so, the man who does not "let a laugh out of him"—like the Grugach Gaire—at the story of the Old Ram, or of the Mexican Plug, or of the editing of the country newspaper, or of the Blue Jay, or at the lecture on the German language, can hardly have a laugh in him to let out. Chesterfield very gravely warns his son that it is wrong and vulgar to laugh; but the world has agreed to differ from Chesterfield. To "Homo Ridens" Mark Twain is a benefactor beyond most modern writers, and the Cultured, who do not laugh, are merely to be pitied. But his art is not only that of a maker of the scarce article—mirth. I have no hesitation in saying that Mark Twain is one among the greatest of contemporary makers of fiction. For some reason, which may perhaps be guessed, he has only twice chosen to exercise this art seriously, in "Tom Sawyer" and in "Huckleberry Finn." The reason, probably, is that old life on the Mississippi is the only form of life in which Mark Twain finds himself so well versed that he can deal with it in seriousness. Again, perhaps his natural and cultivated tendency to extravagance and caricature is only to be checked by working on the profound and candid seriousness of boyhood. These are unlucky limitations, if they really exist, for they have confined him, as a novelist, to a pair of brief works, masterpieces which a fallacious appearance has confounded with boys' books and facetiae. Of the two, by an unheard-of stroke of luck, the second, the sequel, is by far the better. I can never forget nor be ungrateful for the exquisite pleasure with which I read "Huckleberry Finn" for the first time, years ago. I read it again last night, deserting "Kenilworth" for Huck. I never laid it down till I had finished it. I perused several passages more than once, and rose from it with a higher opinion of its merits than ever.

What is it that we want in a novel? We want a vivid and original picture of life; we want character naturally displayed in action, and if we get the excitement of adventure into the bargain, and that adventure possible and plausible, I so far differ from the newest school of criticism as to think that we have an additional cause for gratitude. If, moreover, there is an unstrained sense of humour in the narrator, we have a masterpiece, and "Huckleberry Finn" is nothing less. Once more. If the critics are right who think that art should so far imitate nature as to leave things at loose ends, as it were, not pursuing events to their conclusions, even here "Huckleberry Finn" should satisfy them. It is the story of the flight down the Mississippi of a white boy and a runaway slave. The stream takes them through the fringes of life on the riverside; they pass feuds and murders of men, and towns full of homicidal loafers, and are intermingled with the affairs

of families, and meet friends whom they would wish to be friends always. But the current carries them on: they leave the murders unavenged, the lovers in full flight; the friends they lose for ever; we do not know, any more than in reality we would know, "what became of them all." They do not return, as in novels, and narrate their later adventures.

As to the truth of the life described, the life in little innocent towns, the religion, the Southern lawlessness, the feuds, the lynchings, only persons who have known this changed world can say if it be truly painted, but it looks like the very truth, like an historical document. Already "Huckleberry Finn" is an historical novel, and more valuable, perhaps, to the historian than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for it is written without partisanship, and without "a purpose." The drawing of character seems to be admirable, unsurpassed in its kind. By putting the tale in the mouth of the chief actor, Huck, Mark Twain was enabled to give it a seriousness not common in his work, and to abstain from comment. Nothing can be more true and more humorous than the narrative of this outcast boy, with a heart naturally good, with a conscience torn between the teachings of his world about slavery and the promptings of his nature. In one point Mark Twain is Homeric, probably without knowing it. In the Odyssey, Odysseus frequently tells a false tale about himself, to account for his appearance and position when disguised on his own island. He shows extraordinary fertility and appropriateness of invention, wherein he is equalled by the feigned tales of Huckleberry Finn. The casual characters met on the way are masterly: the woman who detects Huck in a girl's dress; the fighting families of Shepherdson and Grangerford; the homicidal Colonel Sherburne, who cruelly shoots old Boggs, and suddenly quells the mob of would-be lynchings; the various old aunts and uncles; the negro Jim; the two wandering impostors; the hateful father of Huck himself. Then Huck's compliment to Miss Mary Jane, whom he thought of afterwards "a many and a many million times," how excellent it is! "In my opinion she had more sand in her than any girl I ever see; in my opinion she was just full of sand. It sounds like flattery, but it ain't no flattery. And when it comes to beauty—and goodness, too—she lays over them all." No novel has better touches of natural description; the starlit nights on the great river, the storms, the whole landscape the sketches of little rotting towns, of the woods, of the cotton-fields, are simple, natural, and visible to the mind's eye. The story, to be sure, ends by lapsing into burlesque, when Tom Sawyer insists on freeing the slave whom he knows to be free already, in a manner accordant with "the best authorities." But even the burlesque is redeemed by Tom's real unconscious heroism. There are defects of taste, or passages that to us seem deficient in taste, but the book remains a nearly flawless gem of romance and of humour. The world appreciates it, no doubt, but "cultured critics" are probably unaware of its singular value. A two-shilling novel by Mark Twain, with an ugly picture on the cover, "has no show," as Huck might say, and the great American novel has escaped the eyes of those who watch to see this new planet swim into their ken. And will Mark Twain never write such another? One is enough for him to live by, and for our gratitude, but not enough for our desire.

ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS FREE LIBRARY.

The permanent building for the Free Public Library of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was commenced in March last year, the memorial stone being laid by the Prince of Wales on the 18th of that month. The opening ceremony, on Feb. 12, this year, was performed by Mr. Gladstone, in the presence of the Commissioners, the Vicar of the parish, and other gentlemen. The building, of which Mr. Robert Walker is the



ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS FREE LIBRARY.

architect and Messrs. Peto Brothers were the contractors, is shown in our Illustration. Its basement, or half-basement, will be used as the news-room; the magazine-room and the lending library, containing ten thousand volumes, are on the above-ground floor; and the first floor is occupied by the reference library, for which over eight thousand volumes have already been purchased, mostly of standard authors in history, biography, travels, science, art, theology, and poetry, with the principal encyclopedias and dictionaries, the "Annual Register," and Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. There is also an interesting collection of topographical books, pamphlets, maps, pictures, and drawings which relate to the parish, with its various historical and literary associations. The librarian is Mr. Thomas Mason, who formerly held a similar post at Glasgow. Since the opening of the St. Martin's Free Library, on Jan. 1, 1889, at its temporary abode in Long-acre, it has been visited by nearly half a million readers.

Those who advocate the Government control of railways will not find much encouragement in the experience of the lines built and worked by the Dominion Government. The expenses of running the principal line, the Intercolonial, from Quebec to Halifax, were, last year, 3,746,919 dols., while the receipts were only 2,928,080 dols. The Prince Edward Island Railway cost 266,405 dols., and yielded only 160,991 dols. The excess of working expenses over receipts is greater than in any previous year. Of course, it is to be remembered that both these lines are what may be termed political rather than commercial undertakings.

THE KARUN RIVER, SOUTHERN PERSIA.

Much attention has of late been directed to the importance of commercial relations with Southern Persia. A recent visit of H.M.S. *Mariner*, the ship of war at present representing English interests in the Persian Gulf, to the Karun River, one of the most promising channels of recent trading enterprise in the dominions of the Shah, afforded the opportunity of making some interesting sketches, for which we are indebted to Dr. Frederick J. Burns, M.D.

The Karun River, which, by a recent concession, has been opened to trade, is the most important waterway in the whole of that part of Persia readily accessible to European merchants. It opens into the Shat-el-Arab, a broad and deep river, at about forty miles from the mouth of the latter, and affords ready means of communication with the trading centres of the fertile province of Arabistan. A powerful river-steamer—the *Blosse Lynch*—has been appointed to ply regularly on the Karun as far as Arvaz, a hundred and twenty miles up, whence trade is carried on by a smaller steamer to Shushtar, a farther distance of sixty miles.

The town of Muhammerah, situated at the junction of the Karun with the Shat-el-Arab, on the Turkish frontier, was almost totally destroyed by the British in the Persian war of 1857. It is situated in a district which may be described as a vast mud flat. The mud is caked hard and dry by the action of a tropical sun. Being of alluvial origin, it is, when irrigated, extremely fertile; but cultivation is entirely confined to the banks of the river, whose thick fringes of date and cocoa-nut palms contrast singularly with the bare, flat plain through which the river winds.

The town is walled with mud, and is for the most part built of it. The very domestic utensils are principally composed of the same substance, and the inhabitants carry immense quantities of it in their persons and apparel. An ordinary sight is that of one of the kilns used for baking the universal material into its various forms of utility.

The indigenous population is principally Arab, of the usual uncultured type; but the governing authorities and soldiers are mainly Persian. There is a curious primitive Christian sect, entitled, generally, Subis, existing in this district. They claim to be the direct descendants of some of the earliest converts of John the Baptist. As the accompanying Sketches show, their costume is the same as that of the Arabs, except that their women are not veiled. They are also much the cleanest and best-looking section of the community. One of the pictures represents them with the curiously shaped implements of their industry—gold and silver working, at which they are very expert.

With regard to the prospects of commercial intercourse with the interior of Persia by this route, we would quote an article in the January Number of the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review*, by a writer styled "Persicus," describing the projected roads—which may ultimately be transformed into railways—to be constructed in that country:—

"The most important route of all, and therefore the one that should be constructed first, is that which connects the centre of the Empire with the sea—namely, from Teheran to the Persian Gulf: this would put the heart of the country in touch with the outer world. Twenty years ago Bushire was imagined to be the fittest terminus in the south, but careful consideration has led to the abandonment of this place in favour of Muhammerah, on the Karun, 620 miles from Teheran. As for 120 miles of this distance, the river Karun itself may be used, so that the road from Shushtar (above which the river is no longer navigable by cargo-boats) to Teheran would only be 500 miles; in other words, 250 miles shorter than the Bushire-Teheran route. This road, which is already in process of construction, and passes through Qom, Sultanabad, Burujird, Khorremabad, Dizful to Shushtar, will probably be continued later to Muhammerah.

"As an illustration of the immense advantages which this cart road will offer to commerce, it is only necessary to say that merchandise will easily be conveyed over it from Shushtar to Teheran in a week or ten days, while a caravan from Bushire to the capital never takes less than forty days—frequently eighty to one hundred. It will not only be of immense value to Persian commerce and industry, but it will also greatly benefit India (as well as Great Britain); an important fact that should not be lost sight of. This road will open up the rich and fertile districts between Sultanabad and Khorremabad, which grow much wheat and barley. These districts could produce at least tenfold what they do, had they but a means by which to convey their wealth to other places, which the road will provide them with. From Shushtar to Muhammerah, only irrigation is necessary—as has before been stated, in the former article—to render the country fertile and flourishing as it was of old. From Burujird (the centre of a fertile region) a road will be constructed to Isfahan, the emporium of south and south-eastern Persian commerce, as soon as the main line is completed."

Some valuable ancient tombs have just been discovered near Luxor, on the right bank of the Nile, at a point forming a portion of ancient Thebes.

A serious avalanche has occurred at Ruetti, in the Canton of Glarus, by which twenty-two men, who were cutting wood on the side of a mountain, were buried.

What was probably a unique specimen of a white frog, having ruby eyes with golden rims, was recently exhibited by Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., at a conversazione of the Linnean Society.

The following are the relative dimensions of the leading European opera-houses, including Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre, so far, at least, as sitting accommodation is concerned: Royal English Opera, 1776; Academy of Music, New York, 2000; La Fenice, Venice, 2000; Carlo Felice, Genoa, 2000; San Carlos, Lisbon, 2000; Grand Opéra, Paris, 2100; Royal Theatre, Munich, 2300; Opera, Vienna, 2400; Covent-Garden, 2500; La Scala, Milan, 3000.

New England, the home of so many historic associations connected with the settlement of the North American continent, has fallen upon evil times. The report of the Labour Commissioner of Maine, based upon returns from 370 representative farmers, shows that 270 of these farms yield an absolute loss each year averaging 310 dols. per farm. The number of "abandoned farms" is stated at 3318, with a total abandoned acreage of 254,513. Now that the West has such varied attractions to offer, farming, in Maine at least, would seem to have become a precarious business.

The Pacific Province of Canada made greater progress last year than any other part of the Dominion. The lumbering industry was largely developed, and the milling capacity of the Province was considerably increased. The run of salmon was, too, so large that the canneries record an excellent season, while a start has been made in the canning of fruit. The sealers, too, had a fairly satisfactory year, higher prices making up for any shortages in catch. Interior navigation also underwent some development, and smelters have been established at Revelstoke and Golden for the better progress of the mining industry.



1. The Subis, an Ancient Christian Tribe.

2. Subi Workers in Silver.

SKETCHES AT MUHAMMERAH, ON THE KARUN RIVER, SOUTHERN PERSIA.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Two at least of the original cast of the old "Courier of Lyons"—now called "The Lyons Mail"—are happily with us alive and well. The adaptor of the original French drama, Charles Reade, has passed away, and sleeps by the side of his well-beloved friend Laura Seymour in Willesden Churchyard. Charles Kean has gone, after his fretful existence on life's stage; and so have old Addison (the father of our clever Carlotta Addison), and David Fisher, and Saker, and Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett) with the lovely fair hair; but Miss Kate Terry, the original Joliquet, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq, who played a minor character at the old Princess's, are with us to connect the past with the present. Not that the "Courier of Lyons" was really seen for the first time in London at the Princess's Theatre. It had been done into English in 1851 at the old Standard Theatre, whereat the superfine critics scoffed, and told Charles Kean that he was degrading the drama by bringing East-End plays to the West.

Henry Irving is fond of following the successes of Charles Kean. As yet, he has hesitated to revive "Pauline" or the "Night of Terror," but he has shown a younger generation "Louis XI." and the "Corsican Brothers" and Faust and Margaret. In all these plays, in my humble opinion, he has done far better than his predecessor. His Louis and Fabian dei Franchi, his Louis the Eleventh, his Mephistopheles, and his Lesurques and Dubosq compare very favourably indeed with the same performances by Charles Kean, whose constant complaint was that his misfortune through life was to have had a genius for a father. Some may, no doubt, combat this strange assertion, and maintain that had it not been for the father the son would never have been heard of. Still, nothing irritated Charles Kean so much as to be continually reminded what a very small man he was compared to the intellectual giant who was the author of his being.

Poor Charles Kean was severely "called over the coals" for degrading the drama by French translations and for encouraging a low taste for upholstery and melodrama; and I have little doubt that Henry Irving will not be spared when the old "Lyons Mail" is snubbed as uninteresting and conventional. But it will attract attention for all that. You should have seen the audience on the night of Feb. 7, as they sat, open-mouthed with excitement, when the mail is robbed, the chest of money rifled by Dubosq, and the virtuous Lesurques charged, on damning circumstantial evidence, of a crime against which his whole nature revolts. It does not really matter very much what "instruction" is obtained from this old dramatic *cause célèbre*, or what "moral purpose" is served by the recital of a drama of the Assize Courts, but that it interests the spectator there can be no question. When we read the daily newspaper, we do not all content ourselves with the moral essays or the leading articles. There are some of us who take a sly peep at the assize and police reports. It is just the same at the play. We like to be amused as well as taught.

Mr. Henry Irving is seen to great advantage in this double character, and his art has seldom been so finished and well outlined. In an instant he becomes another man. Charles Kean was compared with a "protean entertainer," and his severest critics considered that Lesurques and Dubosq were the same men exactly, but in different costume. No such charge can be laid at the door of Mr. Irving. The features may be the same, but the nature of each man is distinct and separate. In fact, the only thing in this remarkable study that is not quite comprehensible to the audience is the assumption by the

actor when playing Dubosq of a hoarse, spirit-sadden, and murderous voice. Those of his companions, notably Courriol, who was on intimate terms with the refined and graceful Lesurques, and had dined at his table, could not possibly have been taken off their guard for one second after Dubosq spoke. Of the two performances, the murderous villain, particularly in the last scene, may be the more interesting and attractive, but the Lesurques is the more artistic.

It is rumoured that the well-known character of Choppard, the horse-keeper, was refused by Mr. Mackintosh as one unworthy of this excellent actor's consideration. And yet it has been taken by actors of the first class before now; in fact, I believe that its original representative still lives in Paris. Mr. Terriss, on the other hand, cheerfully accepts the dandy Courriol, who is quite out of his ordinary line, in order to give importance to the cast. According to this line of argument, Mr. Mackintosh would refuse Cromwell, in the "Charles I." of Mr. W. G. Wills—a character that has been played by that admirable actor George Belmore. I was specially delighted with the acting of Miss Frances Ivor as the heart-broken and ill-treated wife. She entered into the part heart and soul, and played it with admirable truth and earnestness. In style and manner she reminded me very much of Miss Florence Gerard, who has now left the stage, but was never quite sufficiently appreciated as an actress.

Luck continues to smile on Mr. Horace Sedger. The success of "La Cigale," at the Lyric, continues as strong as ever, and I hear of infatuated youths who are so enamoured of the pretty frocks and faces, and still prettier music, that—like Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P., at the Gaiety—they become perpetual subscribers at the Lyric. And now we have another delightfully tuneful opera called "Maid Marian," at the Prince of Wales's, which takes us back to recollections of the best days of Offenbach and Lecocq. The clever composer is a young American, Mr. Reginald de Koven, who has studied his art in the best schools abroad, and whose great gift is melody. The book is a very fair one as such opera books go, and serves its purpose, and when the comic part of the text has been carefully gone over, edited and added to by Mr. Harry Monkhouse and Mr. John Le Hay, I should not be at all surprised if "Maid Marian" turned out another "Dorothy." For you know that "Dorothy" was a very different young lady when she had been looked after by Mr. Arthur Williams and his merry companions from when she first came blushing and simpering to the footlights on the first night. And there is a new and clever actress to be seen at the Prince of Wales's as well as a new opera. Our old friends Violet Cameron, Hayden Coffin, Attalie Claire, and Madame Amadi one and all are seen to the greatest advantage; but a special welcome has been given to Madame Manola, an American singer who is also a good actress and a very graceful woman. Mr. Charles Harris has done wonders with the stage arrangements, and a prettier set than the glade in Sherwood Forest has seldom been seen. Long before the opera was produced, the genial young composer had established quite a reputation in society as a singer of his own passionate love-songs. And now he will be in great requisition, and must set about his next new opera at once.

It never rains but it pours. We shall have enough and to spare of Ibsen this spring season. The "Doll's House" has been fairly broken up as a dramatic toy, and may be put away in the lumber-room; but on the faith, I suppose, of the old adage that there is luck in odd numbers, the steady, conservative, and old-school Wilson Barrett intends, so it is said, to have one more try with "The Pillars of Society," one of the least extravagant and faddish of Ibsen's plays. It has

been noted twice before with but little success, but perhaps the luck will turn, and, thanks to the good acting of Wilson Barrett and Miss Winifred Emery, converts may be obtained to the Ibsen creed. If so, they will have to swallow far more than this comparatively inoffensive play. They had better prepare themselves for their confession of faith by attending the projected reading of "Ghosts." If women attend that function they must indeed have courage! Meanwhile, "Rosmersholm," which has not yet appeared in print as a published book, is to be tackled by Mr. F. R. Benson and the younger school of artists; and Mrs. Langtry having on second thought reconsidered her plan to produce "Hedda Gabler," it will be taken in hand and apparently edited for the English stage by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who with Mr. Charles Colnaghi meditates an advanced theatre of freedom, independent of the official Examiner of Stage Plays and a consequent boon to the "dead-head." Of course, no money can be taken at the doors, so the scheme must depend for support on the contributions of the faithful. But in this respect the new Free Theatre will not be without a precedent. There are many theatres in London whose doors are open, but where no money whatever is taken at the doors. Your dramatic enthusiast is, as a rule, a very bad paymaster. Witness the crowds of hungry men and women who block the doorways and beseech for seats on the occasion of every silly matinee started to air vanity and to produce worthless plays. The Free Theatre will never fail to be crowded, but whether the other managers, who have no subvention from Government, private purse, or amateur, will bless the scheme is quite another matter.

The ball given in Copenhagen, on Feb. 6, by her Majesty's Representative at the Danish Court, Mr. Macdonell, was honoured with the presence of the King and Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess, and the Danish Princes and Princesses.

A heavy storm of snow and sleet has been raging at Albany and other parts of New York State. Telegraph, telephone, and electric-lighting wires have been blown down, and Albany was in total darkness one evening through the severance of the electric communications in all directions.

Saturday, Feb. 7, being the thirteenth anniversary of Pius the Ninth's death, a requiem mass was celebrated in the Sistine Chapel. Cardinal Hohenlohe officiated. Leo XIII. assisted at the ceremony from the throne, whence he pronounced the Absolution.

A mineral discovery of unusual value is reported from Kamouraska, in Lower Canada. It is stated that an entire mountain has been found composed of silicates, otherwise known as vitrifiable stone, of a purity certified by the provincial engineer to average 98 per cent. This material is used for the manufacture of the finest glass, and is believed to exist nowhere else on the American continent in such purity.

The monthly dinner of "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes" took place, on Feb. 6, at Limmer's Hotel, with "his oddship" Mr. Charles Holme in the chair. The guests included Sir Frederick Milner, M.P., Sir James Linton, P.R.L., Sir John Monckton, Mr. Storey, A.R.A., Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. MacColl (editor of the *Athenaeum*), Mr. Lehmann (Baron de Book-Worms of *Punch*), and other gentlemen well known in the world of art and letters. Mr. Hollingsworth read a paper on "Nankin Blue," and there was a very fine display of china to illustrate his essay.

THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY

Show-Rooms. 112, REGENT STREET, W. (Opposite Vigo Street.)

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.—The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.—Choice string Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £5000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids' and Wedding Presents.

RUBIES.—Some very choice specimens of fine Oriental Rubies at moderate prices.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.—Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—An immense variety of inexpensive articles, specially suitable for Wedding presents. Every intending purchaser should inspect this stock before deciding elsewhere, when the superiority in design and quality, and the very moderate prices, will be apparent.

COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

REPAIRS and REMODELING OF FAMILY JEWELS.—The Goldsmiths' Company undertake the Repair of all kinds of Jewellery and the Remounting of Family Jewels. Great attention is devoted to this branch of their business, and designs and estimates are furnished free of charge.

CAUTION.—The Goldsmiths' Company regret to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT STREET, W.

WATCHES.—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver, most accurate timekeepers, at very moderate prices.

CLOCKS.—A large assortment, suitable for travelling or for the dining-room, drawing-room, &c., from 20s. to £100.



Fine Gold and Pearl Horseshoe Brooch, £1 15s.

Illustrated Catalogue
Post Free.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

The Largest and Choicest Stock in London.

The Times: "The Goldsmiths' Company's collection of Jewels, the low prices of which, combined with admirable taste, defies competition and deserves attentive examination."



Fine Diamond Crescent and Bar Brooch, £10.

Goods forwarded to the
country for selection.



Fine Diamond 5-stone Half-Hoop Ring, from £15 to £200.



Fine Diamond 3-row Crescent, to form Brooch or Hair-Pin, £50.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Tie Ring, £18 10s.



Fine Diamond and Moonstone Heart Pendant, £10.

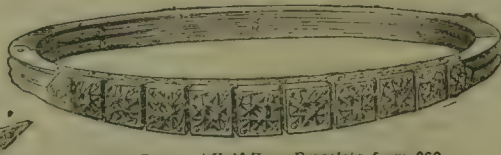
The Company's
Show Rooms
Close Daily at
6 p.m.; and on
Saturdays 2 p.m.



Fine Pearl Double-Heart Bracelet, £5 10s.



Fine Diamond Star, to form Brooch or Hair-Pin, £20.



Fine Diamond Half-Hoop Bracelets, from £20.



Fine Diamond and Enamel Brooch, £9



Fine Diamond Three-Swallow Safety Brooch, £5.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Tiars, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits.

SAPPHIRES from Ceylon, but with London cutting, mounted alone, or with Diamonds, in a great variety of ornaments.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of Novelties by the Goldsmiths' Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced to anticipate the requirements of purchasers.

CASH PRICES.—The Goldsmiths' Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

APPROBATION.—Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents not being customers should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

COLONIAL and FOREIGN Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

TESTIMONIALS.—The numerous recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers are a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

OLD JEWELLERY. Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

MEDALS.—Awarded Nine Gold Medals, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, a special distinction conferred on this firm for the excellence of their manufactures.

CATALOGUE.—containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post free to all parts of the world.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W. Manufactory CLERKENWELL.

JOYNSON
DRAWING-PAPER
 SUITABLE FOR WATER-COLOURS.
 To be obtained of all Stationers.
 Write to ST. MARY CRAY for Samples.

HOTEL VICTORIA

NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, W.C.

ROOMS FOR ARBITRATIONS
 AND MEETINGS.



BANQUETING-ROOM FOR
 PRIVATE PARTIES.

THIS Magnificent Hotel is one of the Finest in the World; 500 Apartments, Public and Private Rooms and Baths, unsurpassed for comfort, convenience, and elegance. Completely lit by Electricity. Passenger Lifts to every Floor.

The Table d'Hôte for Ladies and Gentlemen,
open to Non-Residents, price 5s.

THE BEST DINNER IN LONDON.

From 6 to 8.30 p.m.

SEPARATE TABLES RESERVED FOR LARGE OR SMALL PARTIES.

Coffee-Room replete with comfort and attention.

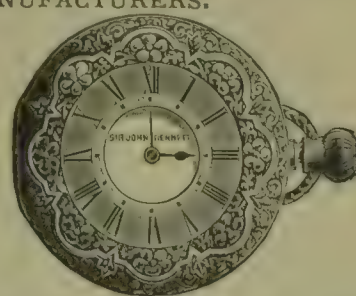
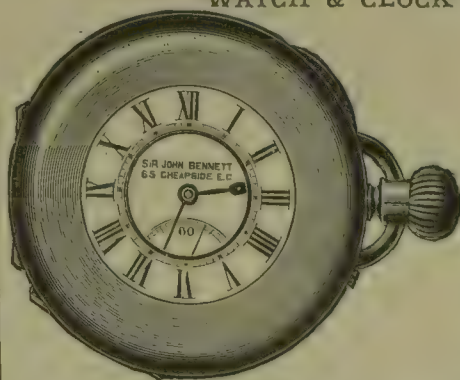
Excellent Breakfasts and Luncheons. Wines of the finest Brands.

Large Well-Lighted Billiard-Room with Five Tables, Full Size.

Telegraphic Address: "VICTORIOLA, LONDON."

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.

WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, anti-damp, and dust-tight.

£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 1-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post. Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches. Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65 & 64, Cheapside, E.C.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
 Illustrated Catalogues post free.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Anti-damp, and dust-tight. GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

S. Sainsbury's Lavender Water



ENGLISH LAVENDER FLOWERS.

combined with other Choice and Delicate Scents, have now been used for upwards of half a century in the preparation of

**S. SAINSBURY'S
 LAVENDER WATER.**



176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" AND "PYRAMID" LIGHTS.

N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining the above Lights, write to the manufacturers, who will give the address of their nearest Agent.



2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

THE NEW
 PATENT SAFETY
 NIGHT LIGHT.



THE SHADED PART
 REPRESENTS THE
 PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR."
 Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights. 8s. 6d. per Box.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.

THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST, CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS, IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

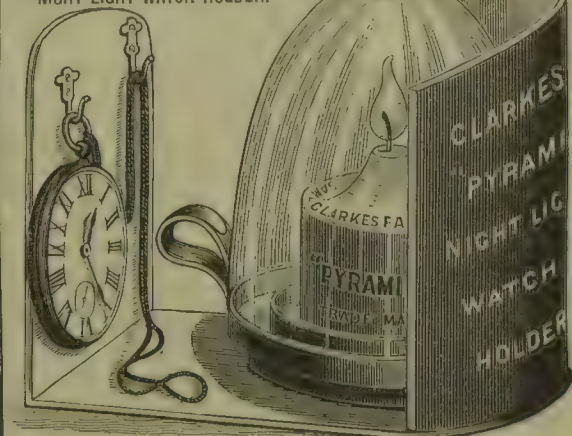
FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST, TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY, USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.



"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each. 1s. per box.

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.

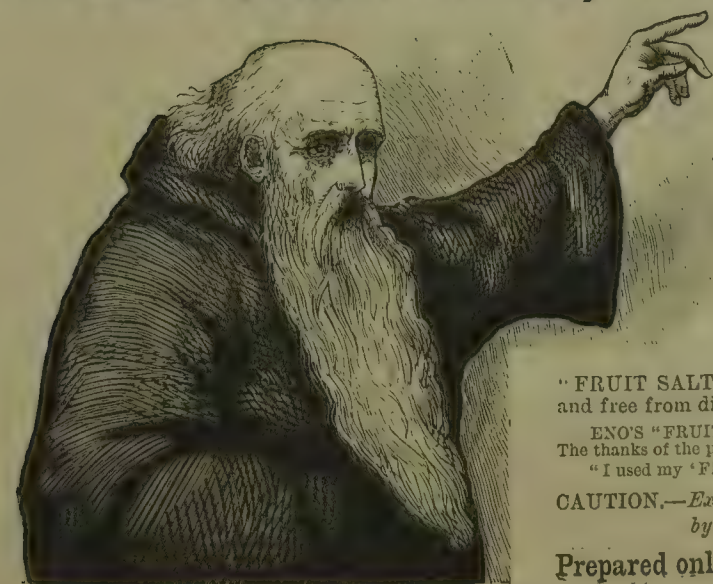


Japanned Watch-Holder and "Pyramid" Lamp complete, 2s. 6d. Invaluable at every bedside.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT CO., LTD., LONDON. Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., & 484, COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

WHERE ALL DESIGNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN, WHOLESALE ONLY. RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

HOUSE SANITATION, TYPHOID AND DIPHTHERIA, BLOOD POISONS.



IT is no exaggeration to state that not one quarter of the dwellings of all classes, high or low, rich or poor, are free from dangers to health, due to defects with respect to drainage, &c., &c. . . . These original defects will inevitably entail a loss of health and energy to the occupants of the houses, and this may go on for years, working insidiously, but with deadly effect. . . . It is painful to know that, after all that has been done of late years in the way of sanitary improvements, persons die almost daily, POISONED by the DRAINS that should save life and not destroy it.—SANITARY CONGRESS, September 1882.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

How few know that after breathing impure air for two and a half minutes every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisoned blood, not a point but must have suffered injury.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Is the best remedy. It removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—From the Rev. Dr. HURST, Vicar of Collierly.—"I have used your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, and have verified your statements. The thanks of the public are due to you for your unceasing efforts to relieve suffering humanity. Long may you live to be a blessing to the world!"

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believed it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages how to prevent disease.

Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt Works," Pomeroy Street, New Cross Road, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 16, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 31 following), of the Right Hon. Thomas Francis, Baron Cottesloe, P.C., late of Swanbourne, Bucks, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on Jan. 30 by Lord Cottesloe, the eldest son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £79,000. The testator distributes among his younger sons and his three youngest daughters the stocks, shares, and plate which he became entitled to by the death of his son the Rev. Stephen James Fremantle, intestate. He bequeaths an annuity of £250 to his daughter Louisa; £25 each to the Buckinghamshire Infirmary, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission; and legacies to housekeeper, coachman and his son, gardener, and indoor servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, Thomas Francis, who has succeeded to the peerage.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriffdom of Roxburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement, dated Dec. 17, 1886, of Mr. James Elliott of Hermitage, residing at Galalaw, Kelso, who died on Aug. 10, granted to John Elliott, John Smith, John Alexander Robson Scott, and David Wardlaw Brown Tait, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 2, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £93,000.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1890) of Miss Julia Du Pre, late of Beaconsfield House, Quex-road, Kilburn, who died on Dec. 18, was proved on Feb. 2 by Arthur Riverside Grenfell and Henry Edward Thornton, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £81,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to Madame Delphine Chatelet; £200 to each of her executors; £1000 to her nephew, George R. Thornton; £500 each to her nieces, Emily Cromie, Caroline Sophia Thornton, and Emily Thornton; an annuity of £55 to Miss Frances Ricketts; £3000 each to the Rev. George Hillyer and the Rev. Owen Mansel; and legacies to servants. She appoints her sister, Caroline Adelaide Thornton, residuary legatee.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Miss Georgiana Harriet Julia Fraser, late of 27, Wilbury-road, Hove, Sussex, who died on Jan. 14, intestate, a spinster,

without parent, brother, or sister, were granted on Jan. 29 to the Rev. William Standen, the nephew, and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1882), with two codicils (dated Dec. 11, 1883, and Feb. 11, 1884), of Mr. Onley Savill-Onley, J.P., D.L., late of Stisted Hall, near Braintree, Essex, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on Jan. 31 by the Rev. Henry Philip Marsham, Samuel Harvey Twining, Frederick William Oliver, and Edward Lee Warner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £47,000. The testator leaves £1000 and his horses and carriages, wines, and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Jane Savill-Onley; a messuage, land, and hereditaments at Southwold, Suffolk, to his daughter Mary Whitaker, for life, and then to such uses as she shall appoint; the furniture and effects in the said house, and an annuity of £100, to his said daughter, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement; an annuity of £100 to his daughter Caroline Savill Marsham, also in addition to the provision made for her by settlement; an annuity of £100 to his sister Judith, Lady Turner; an annuity of £500, during the life of his wife, to his grandson and godson, Charles Alfred Onley Marsham; certain land and hereditaments at Catton, Norfolk, and a messuage at Norwich, to the Rev. Henry Philip Marsham, for life, and then to go with his residuary estate; £100 Consols, upon trust, the interest to be applied in the purchase of coals and fuel for the poor of the parish of Stisted; and numerous legacies to children, grandchildren, executors, servants, and others. Stisted Hall and the residue of his real estate, and all his copyhold property, he settles upon his wife, for life; then upon his said grandson, Charles Alfred Onley Marsham, for life; with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail general. The furniture, pictures, plate, books, and effects at Stisted Hall are also settled to go therewith. His residuary personal estate is to be laid out in the purchase of freehold property to go with his settled real estate. Any male succeeding to the said settled property is to take the name and arms of Savill-Onley.

The will (dated May 30, 1888) of Mr. Walker Skirrow, late of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, and 2, Queensberry-place, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Jan. 31 by William Webb Spencer Follett, the nephew, one of the

surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator gives legacies to his daughters, executor, and stepsons, and the residue of his real and personal estate to his son, Arthur George Walker Skirrow.

The will and five codicils of John Hodgson, late of Strensall, in the county of York, gentleman, who died on Dec. 10, has been proved in the District Registry, York, by Edward Hodgson, the brother, and Arthur Henry Russell and Donald Sween Mackay, the executors, the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator directs his funeral to be as simple as possible, and his body to be carried to the grave by labourers residing in the village of Strensall, who are to be paid 10s. each, and he directs that his chestnut horse be shot. He bequeaths to the chairman of the Board of Guardians of the York Union £5000 preference stock of the North-Eastern Railway, the annual income to be given at the discretion of the Board to persons living on small incomes when afflicted by illness and without means to procure comforts and necessities, such persons not being in receipt of parochial relief and residing within the York Union and the village of Sheriff Hutton; to the Vicar and churchwardens of the parish of Sheriff Hutton, £300; of the parish of Huntington, £250; and of each of the parishes of Flaxton, Strensall, and Ilaxby, £150; the income arising therefrom to be expended in coals and distributed by the Vicar, waywarden, and guardian of the several parishes in quantities of not less than half a ton to each person among such of the necessitous poor residing in each of the said parishes as they shall select; to the York County Hospital and the Wilberforce School for the Blind, York, £1000 each; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, £300; to the Curates' Augmentation Fund, £500; to the Home for Friendless Girls, York, the National Life-Boat Society, the York County Lunatic Asylum in Bootham, York, and the York Dispensary, £200 each; to the North Riding Charity for Clergy, their Widows and Orphans, £500; to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney, London, £200; to his sister, Mary Anne Hodgson, an annuity of £50; to his housekeeper, Mrs. Mary Boyes, an annuity of £25, and a further sum of £10 per annum for taking care of and providing a good home for two of his dogs, so long as they shall live; to the Rev. Matthew Henry Smith, £10 per annum, for taking charge of the remaining two of his dogs, so long as they shall live; to Miss Margaret

48 PRIZE MEDALS awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

FRY'S PURE Concentrated COCOA

This choice Cocoa is exceedingly Soluble and easily digested. It makes an agreeable thin drink, and is a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

LANCET.—"Pure, and very soluble."

MEDICAL TIMES.—"Eminently suitable for Invalids."

Sir C. A. CAMERON.—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY.



"HAVE A CUP WITH ME."

HOP-TEA 2/- 2/6

The Hops are specially prepared for this purpose by Snelling's Patent Process.

A DELICIOUS BLEND OF

Indian & Ceylon Teas with English Hops

Pronounced by the Medical Profession and the Press to be much more wholesome than any other Tea.

Soothes the Nerves, Stimulates the Appetite, Assists Digestion, & is a Boon to the Sleepless.

SOLD RETAIL BY ALL GROCERS.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PARTICULARS TO

THE HOP TEA COMPANY, LTD. (WHOLESALE),
ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

½, 1, and 1 lb. Samples, with Testimonials, &c., will be sent on receipt of P.O.O. or Stamps.

"HOW I PRESERVE MY HEALTH"

Salt Regal

Refreshing. Appetising.
Effervescing.

Prevents & instantly relieves
HEADACHE,
Flatulence,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion &c.
Purifies the System Imparting
NEW LIFE & VIGOR

Salt Regal Works
Liverpool.

Has attained a high reputation. THE ANALYST
"Free from those impurities which mar so many of our
saline laxatives." BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of
THE CELEBRATED
"LOUIS" VELVETEEN
TO
THOS. WALLIS & CO., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

PETER ROBINSON,
BLACK GOODS
AND
GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
256 to 262, REGENT ST.
ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.
FUNERALS FURNISHED.
MOURNING ORDERS.

On receipt of letter or telegram, experienced Assistants are always in readiness to take a full assortment of Mourning Goods to any address in TOWN or COUNTRY, at the same reasonable prices as if purchased in the Warehouse, and travelling expenses are not charged whatever the distance.

Ladies who wear, from choice, black or neutral colours, will find at this Establishment a full Assortment of the
LATEST CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES IN
MANTLES AND GOWNS.

Telegraphic Address—"PETER ROBINSON, LONDON."
Telephone No. 3557.

THURSTON'S Specialty—
THE "LADY'S" CUE.
Established 1814.
BILLIARD
Sole Appointment to Her Majesty.
By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
Great Billiard Invention—ADAMANT BLOCK, fitted to the "PERFECT" LOW CUSHIONS.
16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ELLIMAN'S Universal EMBROCATION. Accidents will Happen.

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes:—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet, and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday, about seven o'clock, my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came; I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

GOUT.

Mr. R. T. WILLIAMS, 13, Moreton-place, St. George's-square, Pimlico, writes:—

"Oct. 14, 1890.

"I must thank you for the good I have received from using your Embrocation, in fact, I am never without it; if I go into the country I always take a bottle with me, as I have frequently ward off an attack of gout by at once using your Embrocation.

"R. T. WILLIAMS."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:—

"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.

"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES.

From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.

"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers' Hon. Sec., writes:—

"Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes:—

"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

CYCLING.

From FABRELLAS, St. Sebastien, Spain.

"I am a member of a Cycling Club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."



"And would ye not think that cunning to be great That could restore that cripple to his legs?"

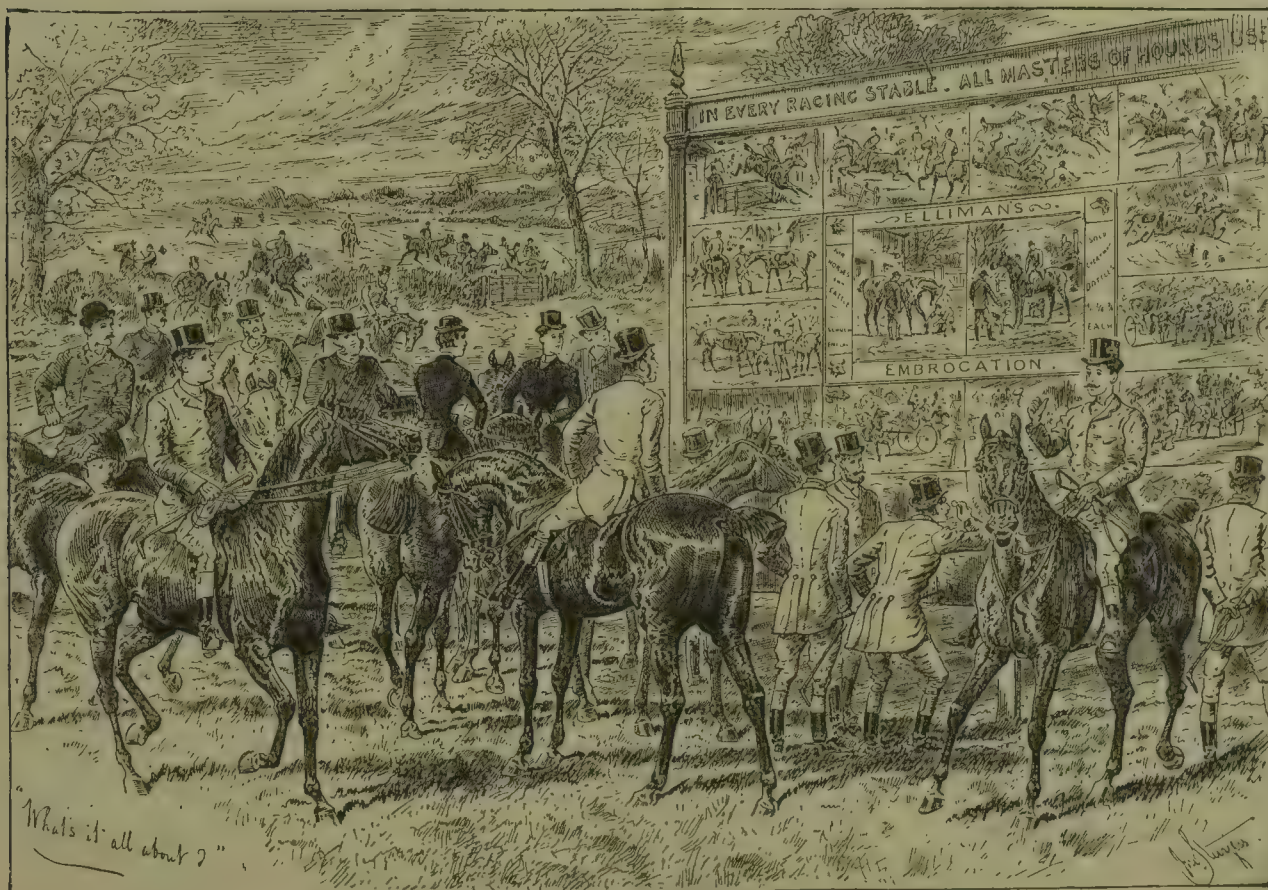
HENRY VI. Act ii. Sc. 1.

FOR ACHES AND PAINS! ELLIMAN'S Universal EMBROCATION.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING!" ONE SHILLING AND THREE HALFPENCE.

"AND IT I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE."—"Taming of the Shrew," Act iv. Sc. 3.

"WHAT'S * IT * ALL * ABOUT?"



PICTORIAL SPORTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

By JOHN STURGESS.

Suitable for framing.

19 Prints. Post Free for Two Shillings and Sixpence. Sent Abroad for P.O.O. for Three Shillings and Sixpence, or Foreign Stamps for Four Shillings. Apply to ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND. These are Artistic Sketches in Black and White, and look well when neatly Framed. Specimen Print Free.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S For SPRAINS and CURBS, SPLINTS when forming, SPRUNG SINEWS, CAPPED HOCKS, OVER-REACHES, BRUISES and CUTS, BROKEN KNEES, SORE SHOULDERS, SORE THROATS, SORE BACKS, SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS, &c.

"I think it very useful." RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hounds.

"Indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds." HADDINGTON, Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

ROYAL

"I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied." T. WALTON KNOLLES, Master of South Union Hunt (Ireland).

"If used frequently no blistering required." W. N. C. MARSHALL, Master of W. N. C. Marshall's Hounds.

FOR HORSES, CATTLE, AND DOGS.

Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

EMBROCATION,

Prepared only by—

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, England

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

Warrener, an annuity of £20 and a legacy of £50; to his boy, Thomas Harrison, an annuity of £10 8s.; and legacies to relatives and friends. He devises to his brother, Edward Hodgson, two messuages and sixteen acres of land at Haxby, in the county of York. The residue of his estate, real and personal, he gives to his brothers, William Hodgson and Edward Hodgson, and his sisters, Mary Anne Hodgson and Elizabeth Macturk.

The will (dated July 25, 1887) of Mr. Richard Fisher, late of Hill Top, near Midhurst, Sussex, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on Jan. 29 by Richard Chester Fisher, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator leaves his real estate in the counties of Berks, Bucks, Middlesex, and Sussex, and the residue of his real estate, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Fisher, for life, and then to his said son; all his copyhold estate in Bucks, Middlesex, and Sussex, or elsewhere, to his said son; £500 to George Woolcott; £200 to Frederick Keays; £100 to Edward Elcome; and the residue of his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1886) of Mr. John Adolphus George Boustred, late of Arlington House, Kidbrooke Park-road, Blackheath, who died on Jan. 2, was proved on Jan. 30 by Miss Emily Boustred, the daughter and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The only persons benefited by the will are testator's wife, Mrs. Ann Boustred (since deceased), and his daughters, Emily and Isabella.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 2, 1887), of Mr. Henry Champion, late of Holcombe House, Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Jan. 23 by Mrs. Louisa Decelia Champion, the

widow, and John William Champion, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. Subject to bequests to his trustees, and a conditional annuity to his son-in-law, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon various trusts, for the benefit of his wife, children, and grandchildren.

OBITUARY.

THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS GORMANSTON.

The Right Hon. Lucretia Dowager Viscountess Gormanston died on Feb. 5, in her eighty-seventh year. Her Ladyship, eldest daughter of William Charles Jerningham, of the Austrian service, brother of George William, late Lord Stafford, was born Aug. 10, 1804, and married, July 19, 1836, the thirteenth Viscount Gormanston, by whom (who died in 1876) she had two sons—Jenico, present Viscount Gormanston, and the Hon. Edward Preston—and three daughters—the Hon. Mrs. Eyre, the Hon. Mrs. Farrell, and the Hon. Mrs. Donaldson.

SIR WILLIAM FITZHERBERT.

The Right Hon. Sir William Fitzherbert, K.C.M.G., Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of New Zealand, died at Wellington, New Zealand. Although born in England and educated at Cambridge, where he obtained a Fellowship at Queen's College, Sir W. Fitzherbert has for nearly thirty years past been identified with the interests of the colony. Mr. Fitzherbert emigrated to New Zealand in 1842, and twenty-two years later was appointed Treasurer, but resigned that office in 1865. In the following year he was reappointed to the same post, and in 1867 came to London to fulfil the duties of Agent-General. After his return to the colony, he became, in 1876, Speaker of

the House of Assembly, and, three years subsequently, Speaker of the Legislative Council. In 1877 he was made a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, having been previously, in 1872, created a Commander of the same Order. Sir W. Fitzherbert came to England in 1887 to represent New Zealand as delegate at the Colonial Conference held in that year.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Peter Hinckes Bird, M.D., F.R.C.S. England, suddenly, on Jan. 31, at San Remo, aged sixty-three.

Lieutenant-General Robert Mackenzie Macdonald, of the Madras Staff Corps, on Feb. 3, at 80, Oxford-gardens, North Kensington, aged sixty-five.

Mr. William Robert Dalrymple, grandson of the late Sir Robert Dalrymple-Horn-Elphinstone, Bart., at Ratanui, New Zealand, aged thirty-six.

Mr. James Ernest Napoleon Zohrab, lately her Majesty's Consul-General in Hayti, on Jan. 5, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in his sixty-first year.

Mr. George Hamilton of Skene House, Aberdeenshire, who purchased that estate from the Earl of Fife in 1880, on Jan. 29, aged sixty-two.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry William Rawlins of Bishop's Hull Manor, and of Stoke Courcy, Somersetshire, J.P., formerly of the Madras Staff Corps, on Feb. 4, at his residence, near Taunton, aged seventy.

Mr. John Wilson of Seacroft Hall, Yorkshire, on Jan. 29, at Leeds, aged eighty-three. He was the younger son of the late Mr. John Wilson of Seacroft Hall, and of Cliffe Hall, Yorkshire, by Martha, his wife, daughter of the late

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

THROAT DISEASES AND HOARSENESS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved so successful in America for the CURE of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, or any irritation or soreness of the THROAT, are now imported and sold in this country at 1s. 1½d. per Box. Put up in the form of a Lozenge, it is the most convenient, pleasant, safe, and sure remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice in the world. Children will find them beneficial in cases of WHOOPING COUGH. No family should be without them. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. Hundreds of Testimonials from some of the most respectable sources may be seen at our office. The genuine have the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" on the Government stamp around each Box. Ask for BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, and get no other.

OFFICE: 33, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S "Heaviest possible Plating." PRINCES PLATE.

Unequalled for Hard Wear.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS (REGD.)
POST FREE.



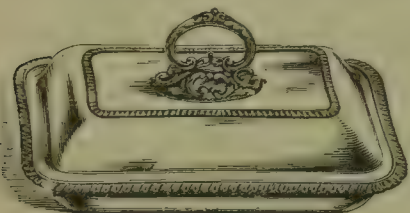
Registered Design.
Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, £2 10s. Princes Plate, £1 11s. 6d.



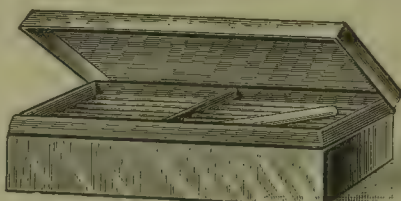
Engraved Cut-Glass Claret Jug, £2 11s. Solid Silver Mounts, £5 5s.



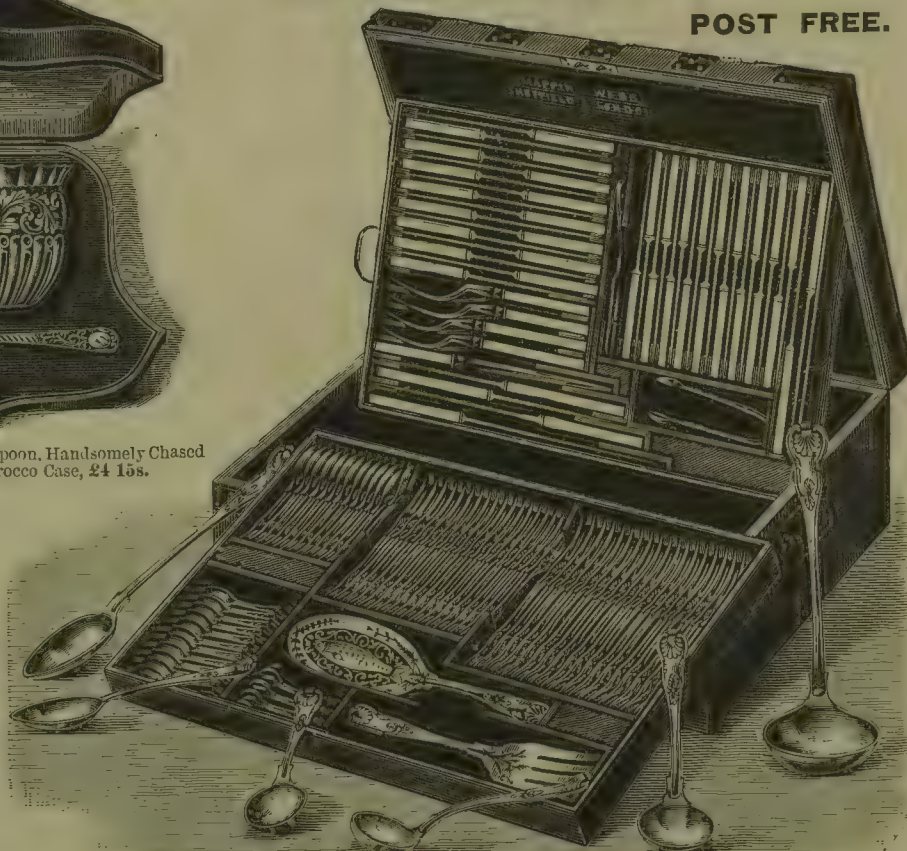
Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon, Handsomely Chased and Fluted, in Morocco Case, £4 15s.



Oblong Breakfast Dish.
Full size Dish and Cover, £3 5s. Warmer to match, £3 5s.



Sterling Silver Cigarette Boxes, Lined Cedarwood.
To hold 50 £1 10 0
" 75 5 0 0
" 100 6 6 0



MAPPIN & WEBB'S celebrated Services of Plate and Cutlery in Stock in all sizes, fitted in strong Oak Chests.



Patent Club Bottle Holder.
The simplest ever invented.
£1 4s.
Sterling Silver, £10 10s.



Oak Salad Bowl, with Massive Mounts, £2 2s.
Servers to match, 18s.



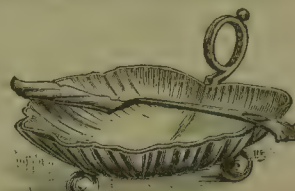
Sterling Silver Fern Pot, richly Chased (various patterns), gilt inside. Height, 2½ in., £1 16s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineers, in Morocco Case, £2.



Pepper Grinder, with Cut Glass Body, 15s.
Ditto, in Sterling Silver, £1 15s.



Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining, 12s. 6d.
Sterling Silver, £2 2s.

18, POULTRY, E.C., & 158, OXFORD ST., W., LONDON.

Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

NEW MUSIC.

IVANHOE. GRAND ROMANTIC OPERA.
The Libretto adapted from Sir Walter's Scott's Novel
by Julian Sturgis.
The Music composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
VOCAL SCORE Net 7s. 6d.
VOCAL SCORE BOUND 10s. 0d.
PIANOFORTE SOLO 4s. 0d.
LIBRETTO 1s. 0d.
Separate Songs, Pianoforte Arrangements, &c.,
in the press.
The above Opera will be ready for publication in a few days.
All orders for the First Edition will be executed according to
priority of application.

PERSIAN LOVESONG. Reginald de Koven.
Just Published.
Words and Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN.

PERSIAN LOVESONG. Reginald de Koven.
Sung by Mr. Courtice Pounds and Mr. Hirwen Jones.

CLOWN'S SONG. Reginald de Koven.
Just published.
Words by Shakespeare. Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN.

CLOWN'S SONG. Reginald de Koven.
New Song by the Composer of the Opera
"Maid Marian."

SLEEP, ZAIDA. Eugene Udin.
In D minor and F minor.
Words by E. Esperance.

SLEEP, ZAIDA. Eugene Udin.
Sung by Madame Bertina Moore.
"One of the best compositions of the season."—Sunday Times.

WHEN I GAZE UPON THE LILY.
EUGENE UDIN.
In E flat, F, and G.
Words by Esperance.

WHEN I GAZE UPON THE LILY.
EUGENE UDIN.
"Has the charm and sweetness of originality."—Figaro.
"A pretty, reposeful song."—Sunday Times.

BY THE OLD, OLD SEA. H. Trotère.
Words by Clifton Bingham.
In B flat, C, and E flat.

BY THE OLD, OLD SEA. H. Trotère.
The last New Song by this very Popular Composer.

FRANCIS THOMES NEW PIANOFORTE
PIECE.
Just published.

CLAIR DE LUNE.
Romance for Piano.
By the Composer of "Simple Aveu."

CLAIR DE LUNE.
"A simple and melodious."—Figaro.
"A dreamy, graceful romance."—Sunday Times.
"A graceful drawing-room piece."—Daily News.
Arranged also for Violin and Pianoforte, price 2s. net each.

CHAPPELL and CO'S PIANOFORTES,
with complete Iron Frames, for DRAWING-ROOMS,
YACHTS, COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, and EXTREME
CLIMATES. New Designs, Improved Tone and Action. A
Liberal Discount for Cash, or on the Instalment System.
STUDENTS' PIANOS From 16 Guineas.
PIANOS " 23 "
COTTAGE PIANOS " 40 "
OVERSTRUNG PIANOS " 50 "
UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOS " 70 "
GRAND PIANOS " 90 "
EOLIAN PIANOS " 53 "

CLOUGH and WARREN'S American Organs.
A Combination of Pipes and Reeds. New Styles and
New Designs. From 6 to 250 Guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond-street.

EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, 1890.
HIGHEST AWARD—THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
PIANOFORTE MAKERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, LONDON, W.
Lists Free, and of the Leading Musicians.

Founded, 1838; Rebuilt, 1887.

MOORE and MOORE.—Pianos from 16½ gs.
to 105 gs. Organs from 7 gs. to 80 gs.; Three-Years'
System, from 16s. 6d. per Month, or Cash. Lists free.
104 and 105, Bishopsgate-within, London, E.C.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS'
GREAT FULTENEY STREET, LONDON.
Makers to George IV., George III., George IV., William IV.,
and Queen Victoria.
Gold japanned Iron Pianofortes of exquisite tone.

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO'S PIANOS.
EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE OR HIRE.
Illustrated Lists Free.
170, New Bond-street, W.

D'ALMAINE and CO. — PIANOS AND
ORGANS. Absolute Sale. 50 per cent. discount. Ten
years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas,
10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 1, 23 guineas. Class 2, 33 guineas.
Class 3, 46 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 5, 40 guineas.
Class 6, 20 guineas. Class 7, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.
American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 4½ guineas
upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument
within three years if one of a higher one is taken, and will
be exchanged free if not approved of within one month.
Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and
CO. (Established 104 Years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per Month. Tunings
free. No hire charged if purchased in six months.
The most economical and judicious mode of obtaining a
really good pianoforte is to hire one (with the option of
purchasing it if approved of) of the Manufacturers, THOMAS
OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

PIANOS.—15s. per Month. Three-Years'
System. Become the property of the hirer if the pay-
ments are kept up. There is no other house in London that
offers such really good pianos at 15s. per month on the three-
years' system as the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN
and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

PIANOS. £15 to £100.—An opportunity
now offers to those who are able to pay cash, of pur-
chasing really good second-hand Pianos by Broad-
wood, Collard, Erard, and other good makers at nominal prices.
Lists free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street.

BORD'S PIANOS on SALE, with 25 per
cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month (second-hand,
10s. 6d. per month) on the three-years hire system.—Lists free
of C. STILES and Co., 43, Southampton-row, Holborn, London.
Pianos exchanged.

TO LADIES.—SALE of NEW MUSIC, at
a large reduction and post free. All New Songs, Pieces,
&c., of all Publishers. New copies, best editions. Prices com-
mence 4d., 6d., 8d. Catalogues sent gratis, post free.—J. W.
MOFFATT, 280, Caledonian-road, London, N. Established 1827.

Price 2s. 6d., post free.

ON FISTULA, and its Radical Cure by
Medicines. By J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D. London:
J. Epps and Co., 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Threadneedle-street.

Sixth Edition, price 1s., post free.

NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES.
By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Revised by Dr. LENNOX
MOORE.—London: JAMES EPPS and Co., 170, Piccadilly; and
48, Threadneedle-street.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL.
The new MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.
A most delightful weed, full of aroma and delicate
flavour. Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs.
Everyone should sample these really excellent cigars. Prices,
2s. and 3s. per 100 (post free). Samples, four for 1s. (14
stamp).—BEWLEY (Limited), 49 and 74, Strand, W.C., and
143, Chancery-lane, E.C. Tobaccoists to the Royal Family. Estab-
lished over 100 years. Letters to the Head Depot, 49, Strand.

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER and CO'S SACRED SONGS.

THE PILGRIMS. F. H. COWEN.
THE PILGRIMS. F. H. COWEN.
THE CHORISTER. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
THE CHORISTER. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling.

WEARY OF EARTH. J. M. COWARD.
WEARY OF EARTH. J. M. COWARD.
Sung by Madame Clara Samuelli.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS. F. H. COWEN.
LIGHT IN DARKNESS. F. H. COWEN.
Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling.

WHERE THE WICKED CEASE FROM TROUBLING.
WHERE THE WICKED CEASE FROM TROUBLING.
Composed by HENRY PARKER.

THE RIVER SINGS. F. H. COWEN.
THE RIVER SINGS. F. H. COWEN.
Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd.
In Keys for all Voices, 2s. each net.

METZLER'S RED ALBUMS. 1s. each.
No. 10.—Eight Sacred Songs for Soprano.
No. 11.—Eight Sacred Songs for Tenor.

LAWRENCE KELLIE'S NEW SONGS.

O SEA! SAD SEA!
LAST NIGHT IN DREAMLAND.
Words by Ray Lotinga.
2s. each net.

METZLER and CO'S DANCE MUSIC.
Performed with the greatest success at the
Grand Fancy-Dress Ball, Covent-Garden Theatre.

BEAUTY WALTZ. P. BUCALOSSI.
BEAUTY WALTZ. P. BUCALOSSI.
Will become the Waltz of the Season.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST LANCERS.
Composed by P. BUCALOSSI.
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST LANCERS.
Enthusiastically endorsed.

FALSE VENETIENNE. EMILE WALDTEUFEL.
FALSE VENETIENNE. EMILE WALDTEUFEL.

MILL STREAM WALTZ. CH. LASSERRE.
MILL STREAM WALTZ. CH. LASSERRE.

DOUGLAS GORDON WALTZ.
DOUGLAS GORDON WALTZ.
Composed by P. BUCALOSSI.

Each Waltz, beautifully illustrated, 2s. each net.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
Book of the Original Music composed by P. BUCALOSSI.
Price 1s. net.

METZLER and CO.,
Wholesale Agents for the Celebrated

MASON and HAMLIN American ORGANS.
Highest Awards. 1000 Testimonials.
The QUEEN'S MODEL.
Supplied to her Majesty the Queen.

MASON and HAMLIN American ORGANS.
May be had on the Three Years' System.
Prices from £25 to £400. Liberal discount for cash.
New Illustrated Catalogue post free.

RÖNISCH PIANOFORTES.
New Models. Beautiful Designs.
Touch, Tone, and Finish unsurpassed.
New Upright Grand Pianos. New Boudoir Grand Pianos.

MASON and HAMLIN PIANOFORTES.
An Improved Method of Stringing.
Bright, Pure, Musical Tone.

METZLER and CO.,
42, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and MOTTO?
Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic
Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. PEDIGREES
TRACED. The correct colours for liveries. Arms of husband
and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-
plates engraved in medieval and modern styles. Signet rings,
13-carat, from 42s.—25, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of CRESTED
STATIONERY.—A Half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paper
and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped IN COLOUR with
Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Wedding
and Invitation Cards. A card-plate and 50 best Visiting
Cards, 2s. 8d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-
street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), London, W.C.

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood
stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was un-
doubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story
of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he
regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times,"
July 13, 1884.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell com-
municated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that
he had received information to the effect that the only remedy
of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet,"
Dec. 31, 1863.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times,"
Jan. 12, 1866: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox prac-
titioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular
did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism,
&c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery,
Diarrhoea, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—CAUTION.—None genuine without the
words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government
stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each
Bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great
Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d.,
2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

HOOPING COUGH.
CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without
internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.
EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria-street, London,
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE
CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come
so much into public favour on account of its
wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and
preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the
principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.
Sole Consignee—W. DOYLE, 35, Crutchedfriars, London, E.C.

THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS
NOW OBTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT
BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

Really good Foreign Cigars at
16s., 20s., 22s., per 100 (and upwards) Samples 5 for 1s. (14 stamp p.).
London.

TRELOAR'S

SPECIAL LOW PRICES.

TURKEY CARPETS

Have never been so low in price as at present.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

500 BORDERED CARPETS,
Made from remnants and old patterns, always
in stock at reduced prices.

CHEVIOT CARPETS.

	£	s.	d.
8 ft. 0 in. × 7 ft. 0 in. ...	0	18	6
9 ft. 0 in. × 7 ft. 0 in. ...	1	1	0
9 ft. 3 in. × 8 ft. 3 in. ...	1	5	6
10 ft. 3 in. × 8 ft. 3 in. ...	1	8	0
10 ft. 9 in. × 9 ft. 9 in. ...	1	16	0
11 ft. 3 in. × 8 ft. 3 in. ...	1	14	6
11 ft. 9 in. × 9 ft. 9 in. ...	1	18	0
12 ft. 9 in. × 9 ft. 9 in. ...	2	2	0
12 ft. 9 in. × 11 ft. 3 in. ...	2	8	0
13 ft. 3 in. × 11 ft. 3 in. ...	2	10	0
14 ft. 3 in. × 11 ft. 3 in. ...	2	14	0
15 ft. 0 in. × 10 ft. 6 in. ...	2	12	6
15 ft. 6 in. × 10 ft. 6 in. ...	2	14	0
16 ft. 0 in. × 12 ft. 0 in. ...	3	10	0

PATTERNS FREE.

TRELOAR'S LINOLEUM

IS WELL SEASONED,
AND THEREFORE WEARS WELL.

3000 KURD RUGS

At 6s. 6d. each.

ANATOLIAN RUGS,

DAGHESTAN RUGS

(IN ALL SIZES).

DECCAN RUGS,

10s. 6d. each.

KURDESTAN CARPETS,

25s. to 35s. Size about 9 ft. by 5 ft.

Axminster, Wilton, Brussels,

AND

SAXONY CARPETS

AT REDUCED PRICES.

SHETLAND CARPETS.

	£	s.	d.
9 ft. 0 in. × 7 ft. 6 in. ...	1	15	9
9 ft. 0 in. × 9 ft. 0 in. ...	2	2	9
10 ft. 0 in. × 9 ft. 0 in. ...	2	7	6
11 ft. 0 in. × 9 ft. 0 in. ...	2	12	9
12 ft. 0 in. × 9 ft. 0 in. ...	2	17	0
13 ft. 0 in. × 9 ft. 0 in. ...	3	2	6
12 ft. 0 in. × 10 ft. 6 in. ...	3	6	6
12 ft. 0 in. × 12 ft. 0 in. ...	3	16	0
13 ft. 6 in. × 12 ft. 0 in. ...	4	5	6
15 ft. 0 in. × 12 ft. 0 in. ...	4	15	0

PATTERNS FREE.

The Queen says: "The writer of this note
had a year's experience of Cheviot Carpets,
and, finding them wear well and look well,
has every reason to be satisfied."

AVOID IMITATIONS made with a MIXTURE
of COTTON or JUTE.

TRELOAR & SONS,
Ludgate Hill, London.

Catalogues Free.

Established 1832.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS

From Victoria and London Bridge Termini.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road).
New Fast Train, London to Brighton, 9 a.m.
New Fast Train, Brighton to London, 7.30 p.m.
New Late Train, Brighton to Victoria, 10.35 p.m.
Third Class by 9.25 a.m. Fast Train, Brighton to London Bridge,
and 4 p.m. Fast Train, London Bridge to Brighton.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available 8 days.
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday
From Victoria 10 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton
From Victoria and London Bridge every Saturday.
Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday
From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.
Pullman Cars run in London and Brighton Fast Trains.
Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations
On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Improved Express Night Service (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class).

Victoria (West-End) 8.50 p.m. dep. Paris (St. Lazare) 8.50 p.m. dep.

London Bridge (City) 9 p.m. arr. London Bridge (City) 7.40 a.m. arr.

Paris (St. Lazare) 8.0 a.m. Victoria (West-End) 7.50 a.m.

Fares—Single, First 34s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.

Return, First 68s. 3d., Second 42s. 3d., Third 33s. 3d.

Powerful Paddle-Steamers with excellent cabins, &c.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time-
Books and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria,
London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following
Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-
End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand
Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays Agency, Cornhill;
Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; and Gaze's Office, 142,
Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

Hastings and St. Leonards-on-Sea

FOR

MILD CLIMATE

—AND SUNSHINE.—

DEATH RATE for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1890.

11.31 per thousand.

LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and
Lucernhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added
to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 60
rooms; no charge for lighting or service.
HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

ROME.—Pension Tellenbach, Due Macelli 66,
Piazza di Spagna.—The most comfortable and fashion-
able Family Pension. Established 1868. Sunny rooms, new-
papers, baths, lift.

AIX-LES-BAINS, SAVOY.—Rheumatism
cured. Most important of Continental Sulphurous Spas.
Eleven hours from Paris. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, and
catarrh of the pharynx, larynx, and nasal passages efficaciously
treated. The most celebrated doctors attend this luxurious
and curative station.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO

SOUTH OF SPAIN, CYPRUS, PALESTINE, &c.

The Orient Company will dispatch their large full-powered
steam-ship GARONNE, 3575 tons register, 3400-horse power,
from London on FEB. 25, for a Fifty Days' Cruise, visiting
Cadiz, Tangier, Malaga, Nice, Syracuse, Santorin, Cyprus,
Beyrout (for Damascus), Haifa, Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Malta,
Gibraltar.

Passengers wishing to leave England at once can travel
overland to Nice and embark there.
The Garonne is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot
and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine. Managers, F. GREEN
and Co., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., Fenchurch-
avenue, London. For further particulars of above and later
cruises apply to the latter firm, or to West-End Agents,
GRINDLAY and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU"
there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S
LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough, try
them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your
health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs,
skillfully combined. Sold every where, in 1344 Tins.

PETER ROBINSON,
OXFORD ST.



CLEVELAND.

Mr. Richard Bassett of Glentworth, Lincolnshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A., was a D.L. and a J.P. for York, and was formerly a Captain in the York Militia.

Mrs. Cooke-Collis (Katherine Maria), wife of Major William Cooke-Collis, Royal Irish Rifles, of Castle Cooke, in the county of Cork, and daughter of the late Colonel James Oliphant, Royal Engineers, of Worlington Hall, Suffolk, on Jan. 27, at Cork.

Mr. Basil Jayne of Pant-y-Baile, Brecknockshire, on Jan. 30, in London, aged forty-four. He was educated at Rugby, and was a Magistrate for the counties of Brecon and Monmouth.

Colonel Rupert Barber Deering, formerly of the 99th Regiment, on Feb. 1, at Rossmore House, Southsea. He was the last surviving son of the late Mr. John Deering, Q.C., of Mountjoy-square, Dublin. Entering the Army in 1837, he rose to the rank of Colonel in 1874, when he retired on a pension.

Mr. John Nathaniel Foster, of Sandy Place, Bedfordshire, J.P. and D.L. for that county, High Sheriff 1870, on Jan. 30, in his ninetyeth year. He married in 1833, and leaves, with other issue, a son—Edward John, M.A. Oxford, barrister-at-

law—who married, in 1866, a daughter of the late Mr. Serjeant Kinglake, M.P.

Mr. Archibald Vincent Smith-Sligo of Inzievar, Fifeshire, J.P., on Feb. 4, at St. Bennet's, Greenhill-gardens, Edinburgh. Born in 1815, he was son of the late Mr. James Smith, of Edinburgh, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of the late Lieutenant Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy, and was brother of Archbishop Smith.

In Parisian diplomatic circles it is now said on good authority that the author of "La Politique Française en Tunisie," a work which has made a sensation in the political world of France, Italy, and England, is Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Councillor to the French Embassy in London.

Here is a curious story of Mr. Parnell, which illustrates his indifference to the compliments which, within the last few years, have been showered on him by the Liberal Party. Among them was his election to be an honorary life member of the National Liberal Club, a mark of distinction confined to a very few famous politicians. Later on he was entertained within its walls at a banquet. The other day Mr. Parnell

had occasion to go to the club, but he had totally forgotten his association with it. "Will you take me to the National Liberal Club?" he asked a friend, "for I do not think I am a member."

The Bishop of Rochester has called attention in the Upper House of Convocation to the marriages of soldiers without permission. He thought the clergy might warn the friends of girls desirous of contracting such marriages, and that the State might communicate with registrars on the subject.

Mr. Gladstone's colleagues on the front Opposition Bench are full of an amusing episode in the ex-Premier's remarkable speech on the Religious Disabilities Bill. Mr. Gladstone was extremely anxious to obtain from Mr. Matthews an exact statement as to the way in which he, a Catholic, had exercised his ecclesiastical patronage. He angled dexterously for some minutes, but Mr. Matthews would not be drawn. "I can't get the fellow to rise," said Mr. Gladstone, in a whispered aside to Mr. Morley, and turning on him a face full of comic embarrassment. At last Mr. Matthews rose, with a very red face, and explained the position. Mr. Gladstone turned round to Mr. Morley again, and furtively winked. "I've got him now!" he whispered.

LYCEUM.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Every Night at Eight, excepting every Friday and Saturday. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. RAVENSWOOD every Friday Night. THE LYONS MAIL, Saturday Night, Feb. 14 and 23. THE BIG LIPS, Saturday Night, Feb. 21. MATINEES—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Saturdays, Feb. 14, 21, and 23, at Two. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

THIRD EDITION. S. A. I. N. T. M. O. N. I. C. A.

From the "Berlin Börsen Zeitung," Dec. 4, 1890. Translation: "Mrs. Bennett-Edwards has by her portrayal of character and plot set forth in the most convincing manner how a truly talented writer can surmount the greatest difficulties, and how much strength in the fulfilment of a high mission lies with those who are soldiers for the triumph of right and the advance of knowledge. Writer out of deepest conviction, she is one of the few whose literary works make an epoch. We prophesy this novel a great success even in Germany." Bristol: J. W. ARROWSMITH, Limited. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, and Co., Limited.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS PUBLISHED BY HURST AND BLACKETT.

Now ready at all the Libraries.
JANET. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "It Was a Lover and His Lass," "Agnes," &c. 3 vols.
RUPERT ALISON: or, BROKEN LIGHTS. By GERTRUDE FORDE, Author of "In the Old Palazzo," "Driven Before the Storm," &c. 3 vols.
HER LOVE AND HIS LIFE. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "Grandmother's Money," "The Youngest Miss Green," &c. 3 vols.
ON TRUST. By THOMAS COBB, Author of "Browne's Plot," &c. 3 vols.
A LIFE SENTENCE. By ADLINE SERGEANT, Author of "Little Miss Colwyn," "Jacob's Wife," &c. 3 vols.
A LINE OF HER OWN. By Mrs. CONNEY, Author of "A Lady Horsebreaker," &c. 3 vols.
London: HURST AND BLACKETT, Limited, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.

Established 1866.
Assurance Fund, Four Millions.
Mutual Assurance at least cost.
No. 81, King William-street, E.C.



Hinde's Patent Hair Curlers
BRIGHT METAL.
SIXPENCE THE BOX OF FOUR.
Imitations absolutely useless; are offered. See the words "Hinde's Patent" are on the box. Of all Dealers; or Sample Box, Seven Stamps.
HINDE'S, LIMITED
(London): METROPOLITAN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.
Mrs. Langtry writes: "I find them invaluable."

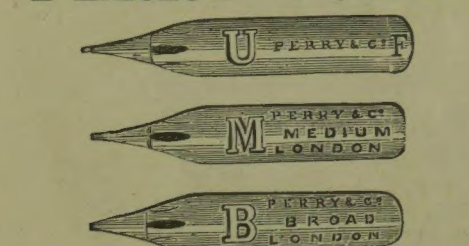
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

PERRY PENS.



EVERLASTING WEAR.
Sold by all Stationers.
WHOLESALE—
18, 19, 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

EDELWEISS.

This New Registered Perfume is most Exquisite, Original, and Permanent, and has been pronounced by connoisseurs to be the finest ever produced. It is unique.

THE ROYAL PERFUMERY COMPANY.
Dépôt: 27, Old Bond Street. Price from 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

STAMP COLLECTORS
Send for stamp selections on approval. Sure to please. 33 1-3 per c. commission. 10 var. Mexico, 10c; Mexico 1864, 4 var. complete, 20c. Price-lists and premium offers free. Address: MOUND CITY STAMP CO., 1501 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THIRD EDITION OF THE ARGOSY FOR JANUARY.

Containing the FIRST PART of THE SILENT CHIMES, By JOHNNY LUDLOW (Mrs. Henry Wood); and

THE FATE OF THE HARA DIAMOND, An Illustrated Serial Story.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.

THE ARGOSY FOR FEBRUARY.

Now ready. CONTENTS:—

1. THE SILENT CHIMES. By Johnny Ludlow (Mrs. Henry Wood).

2. MEDIUMS AND MYSTERIES.

3. THE FATE OF THE HARA DIAMOND. A Serial Story. Chap. V.—VIII. Illustrated by M. L. Gow.

4. THE BRETONS AT HOME. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations.

5. AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

6. AUNT PHOEBE'S HEIRLOOMS.

7. SAINT OR SATAN.

8. IN A BERNSE VALLEY.

Sixpence Monthly.

RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, 8, New Burlington-street, W.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY GROZEL."

THE MAID OF HONOUR. By the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD. 3 vols.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "YOUNG MISTLEY."

PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES. By H. S. MERRIMAN. 3 vols.

BY A NEW WRITER.

CONSEQUENCES. By EGERTON CASTLE. 3 vols.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALEXIA."

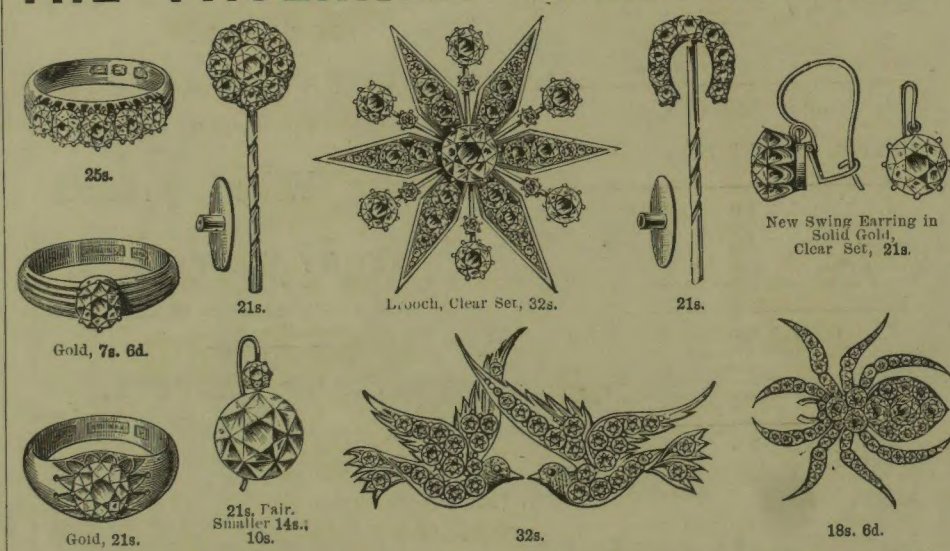
THE LITTLE ONE. By ELEANOR C. PRICE. 2 vols.

RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, New Burlington-street.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.

Daily yield, 507,000 galls. Natural temp. 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe." They include Thermal, Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Doucheurs and Doucheuses from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Humage and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Band Daily in the Pump-room. Address Manager for every information.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND (REGD.)



THE FAULKNER DIAMONDS are invariably set transparently or in Antique settings. Being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMONDS is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver, and can be mounted side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass all expectations. Illustrated Catalogue post free. Awarded three Gold Medals.

ARTHUR FAULKNER (TWO DOORS FROM BURLINGTON ST.), 167, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.
"THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

Allen & Hanburys' Infants Food

A Nutrient peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone.
MEDICAL TESTIMONY AND FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH TIN.
Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER in 1/2 lb. and 1/4 lb. PACKETS.

For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Daily Consumption exceeds 50 Tons.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Paris, London, New York.

Sold Everywhere.

THE FLORENTINE CYCLES.

Riders say: "No one could wish for better." Cash or Payments. Testimonials. Catalogue. Clearance List.

T. HOUGH, Florence Works, Wolverhampton.

RHEUMATIC, NERVOUS, AND ORGANIC AILMENTS

Positively yield like magic to the marvellous curative influence of mild continuous currents of electricity, as imperceptibly generated by wearing

HARNESS'

ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT

FOR SCIENTIFIC PROOF

Call and see the Belts tested with the galvanometer, or write for special pamphlet.

Indigestion Cured.

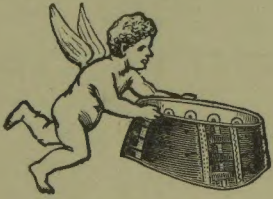
Mr. MRAD, 6, Milson Road, West Kensington, London, writes, Jan. 28, 1891: "Having suffered many years with Dyspepsia, being unable to assimilate my food, besides great pain in my chest after eating, I thought fifteen months ago I would get one of your Electropathic Belts, which I did. In less than a month I felt quite well, and seemed happier than I had for many years. The doctors did me no good, and I did not derive any benefit until I procured your Belt. My age is sixty, and you can make what use of this you like."

Sciatica and Lumbago. "An Excellent Remedy."

"Half Moon Hotel, Teignmouth, Devon, Jan. 17, 1891: Sir, I have been thinking of writing to you for several weeks past, to let you know what effect your Electropathic Belt had upon me. I am very thankful I tried it, and when I put it on I told the doctor not to call any more, as I intended giving the appliance a trial, and he laughed; but I found after wearing it the pain gradually died away, and my general health is better than it has been for years. I can assure you that I am recommending your Belts to all my friends as a very excellent remedy for Sciatica and Lumbago. Yours truly, "JOHN LEGGETT."

IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS

Without the aid of poisonous drugs or quack nostrums. If any of our readers doubt the remarkable curative powers of this genuine and convenient appliance, we would ask them to carefully read the following letters, and write for our Book of Testimonials; or, better still, call, if possible, and personally inspect the originals. They will at the same time be able to see the Belts scientifically tested, and have the various curative appliances fully explained to them.



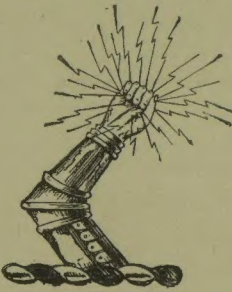
Enlarged Liver.

"283, Mayall Road, Herne Hill, London, S.E., Jan. 20, 1891: Dear Sir, In October last I purchased one of your Electropathic Belts for Enlarged Liver, and since wearing it I have felt better and do not suffer from Cramp so much as formerly, nor from that tired languid feeling to which I used to be subject too frequently. You are at liberty to use this in any way you wish.—Yours truly, HENRY WOODCOCK."

Impaired Vitality Restored.

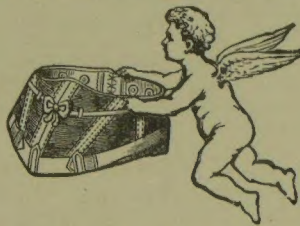
Mr. J. BOTTING, 2, Garden Mews, Linden Gardens, W., writes, Jan. 23, 1891: "I beg to inform you that I have constantly worn your Electropathic Belt since I purchased it last October, and am pleased to say it has made a man of me again. I had tried every patent medicine in the market and could not get relief, and the advice from private medical gentlemen also proved useless."

BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS, PAMPHLET, AND CONSULTATION FREE.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS, PAMPHLET, AND CONSULTATION FREE.



St. Vitus's Dance and Paralysis. Parents' Gratitude.

FREDERICK and ELIZABETH ALLOTT, writing from 4, George Street, Barnsley, Jan. 16, 1891, say: "Please accept our sincere thanks for the good which has resulted from our son adopting your Electropathic treatment. He was suffering from St. Vitus's Dance, which followed Diphtheria, and afterwards Paralysis set in, from which he lost the use of muscular power, and we believe would never have walked again had it not been for the adoption of your treatment. You may make what use of this testimonial you think fit."

Sciatica and Kidney Disease.

Mr. THOMAS DAVY, 47, Myddleton Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C., writes, Jan. 10, 1891: "For ten years my wife had been a great sufferer from Sciatica and Kidney diseases, but since wearing one of your Electropathic Belts she feels much better in health, and has strongly recommended them."

FOR PRACTICAL PROOF

Call and see the Originals of Thousands of Medical and other convincing Testimonials or write for copies.

Nervous Exhaustion and Severe Weakness of the Spine.

GEO. WM. KING, Esq., 80, St. George's Street, Ipswich, writes, Jan. 24, 1891: "I am very pleased with the Electropathic Belt purchased of you three months back. Before that I had been unable to follow my employment for a long time through suffering from Nervous Exhaustion, also Severe Weakness of the Spine and Loins. After wearing the Belt the first week I felt a change for the better, and am thankful to say I now feel stronger and enjoy better health than I have done for years. Please accept my grateful thanks for the benefit I have received, and you are at liberty to make any use of this letter. I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries from patients, and have recommended your appliances to several of my friends, as I consider they are a blessing to suffering humanity."

Epilepsy Cured.

Mr. THOMAS M. LAST, the Parish Clerk, School Yard, East Hingling, Norfolk, writes, Jan. 16, 1891: "It is with great pleasure I inform you that the Electropathic treatment adopted by my son has done him a great deal of good, as he has had no return of the distressing Fits he had been subject to, and his general health has greatly improved."

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT is light and comfortable in wear, and is guaranteed to imperceptibly generate a mild continuous current of electricity, which cannot fail to invigorate the debilitated constitution. It also promotes the circulation, gives tone to muscles and nerves, and speedily arrests any sign of **PREMATURE DECLINE OF VITAL ENERGY**. All who are unable to call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation should write at once to the **MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited**, for a copy of their descriptive Illustrated Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials, which may be obtained gratis and post free on application to

MR. C. B. HARNESS, PRESIDENT, THE ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
(THE LARGEST AND ONLY COMPLETE ELECTRO-MEDICAL INSTITUTE IN THE WORLD.)

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

FITS.—EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS.
If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice and write to the SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure and advice on diet.

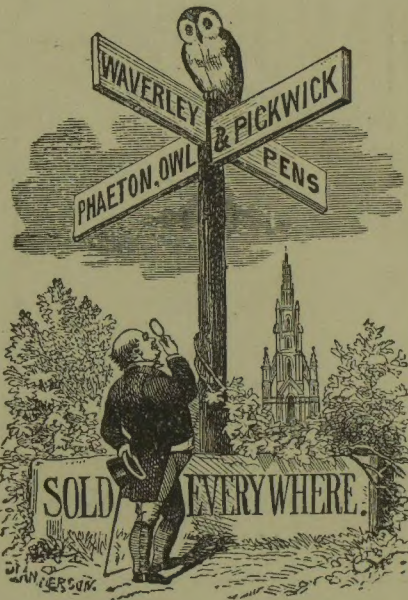


ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples and Price Lists post free. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from 1s. to 60s. each.

Children's... 1/3 Hemstitched:—
Ladies'... 2/4 Ladies'... 2/11 Per Doz.
Gents'... 3/6 Gents'... 4/11

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.



Recommended by 2839 Newspapers

THE FLYING 'J' PEN.



A superior 'J' Pen capable of writing 100 to 200 words with one dip of ink.

THE COMMERCIAL PEN.

For Fine Writing.



'A luxury for the million.'—Somerset Gazette.

THE FLYING SCOTCHMAN PEN

Instead of a Quill.

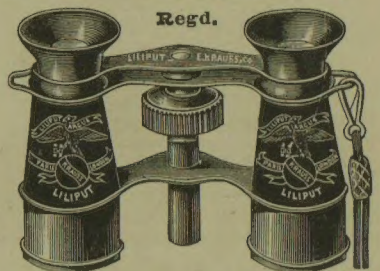


'The fastest pen we have ever used.'—Sportsman.

6d and 1s per Box at all Stationers.
Sample Box of all the kinds, 1/1 by Post.

MACNIYEN & CAMERON, WAYERLEY WORKS, EDINBURGH.

THE "LILIPUT"



Price 16s. 6d., with soft Leather Case and Cord.

The "LILIPUT" is a very useful, light, but strong vest-pocket Field and Opera Glass. Its particular and newly invented Perfect Achromatic Combination Glasses are made in accordance with the directions of the Technical Artillery Commission Office of Poitiers (France), and render the "LILIPUT" equal if not superior to all the large and cumbersome glasses generally used in the Army, Travelling, Theatres, Races, &c. 50,000 in use all over Europe. Thousands of best testimonials.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on demand.
E. KRAUSS & CO., 10, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus.
PARIS—4, AVENUE DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 30 penny BEATH'S. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES.

In Gold Cases.



In Silver Cases.



BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

Is fitted with a 3-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and strong KEYLESS Action, and is without doubt one of the best made, and far superior for Strength and Timekeeping to ordinary Watches.

The Cases are 18-carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

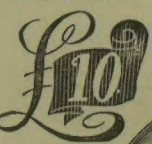
PRICE £10.

OR IN SILVER CASES, £5.

SPECIAL NOTE

That all these Watches are made on J. W. BENSON'S INTERCHANGEABLE SYSTEM, thus insuring perfect accuracy in each part, and in case of breakage cheap and efficient repair.

In Gold Cases.



In Silver Cases.

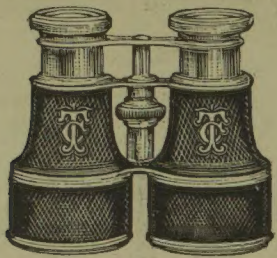


Gold Albert Chains in a great variety of patterns to match, from £1 15s. See Illustrated Pamphlet, post free.

All the Watches shown in this Advertisement are sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

For further particulars see Benson's Illustrated Book, containing nearly 200 Pages of Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £500, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver and Electro Plate, Post Free on application to **J. W. BENSON** (Watchmaker and Jeweller by Royal Warrant to Her Majesty THE QUEEN.), STEAM FACTORY: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; And at 23, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S PRESENTS.



CELEBRATED BINOCULARS.

In Sling Cases. Unrivalled for Power and Definition.
New Illustrated Price-List Free by Post.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,

OPTICIANS AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS
TO THE QUEEN,
HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Branches: 45, Cornhill; 122, Regent-street;
"Photographic Studio, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

Negretti and Zambra's ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of
Meteorological, Optical, Nautical, and Surveying Instru-
ments, 1200 Engravings, price 5s. 6d.
Telephone No. 6583.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

(BREAKFAST.)

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

"MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps and Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their establishment in Holland-street, Blackfriars, London."—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.

Sold only in Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS and CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London.

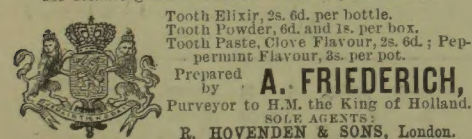
New Illustrated Catalogue for 1891 now ready.
"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."
TRADE MARK. REGD.
HONOURS, PARIS, 1878; SYDNEY, 1879; MELBOURNE, 1880;
CALCUTTA, 1884.



TREBLE EXPRESS RIFLES.
HENRY OR METFORD RIFLING
DIAGRAMS SENT.
LOWEST TRAJECTORY & GREAT ACCURACY
RIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4, 8, and 10 bores, 20 to 50 guineas; 300, 400, 450, 500, and 577 Bore Express-Rook Rifles, non-fouling, cartridge-ejecting—300, 350, 400, 450, 500, and 577 Bore, from 3 to 10 guineas; Single Hammerless, same bores, 8 to 10 guineas. CAPE GUNS, one barrel rifled, other barrel smooth bore for shot or spherical ball—as M.L.'s from 6 guineas; as B.L.'s from 10 to 30 guineas. COLONIAL GUNS, one pair of barrels, rifled, with extra shot barrels, choked or cylinders, from 18 to 40 guineas, this latter forming a battery of itself for the man of moderate means; 300 to 377 rifled barrels, 10 to 28 bore shot for paper or brass shells. Send six stamps for Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, the largest Stock in the Trade, to G.E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, 32 & 33, Lower Loveday-street, Birmingham. Established 1850.
Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

HOLLANDSCHE TANDMIDDELEN

for Cleansing the Teeth and Perfuming the Breath.



Tooth Elixir, 2s. 6d. per bottle.
Tooth Powder, 6d. and 1s. per box.
Tooth Paste, Clove Flavour, 2s. 6d.; Peppermint Flavour, 3s. per pot.
Prepared by **A. FRIEDERICH,**
Purveyor to H.M. the King of Holland.
SOLE AGENTS:
R. HOVENDEN & SONS, London.

HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR



PIPE, with Rim, amber and vulcanite stem in leather-covered case. Free by Parcel Post in United Kingdom, 6s. 6d.
A. W. ABRAMS, Manufacturer of High-class Pipes, 29, Edghaston-street, Birmingham. Catalogue free.
ROUGH ON RATS
TRADE MARK
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE
Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth.
Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed Bugs, Hen Lice, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasel, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Musk Rats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels, 7½d. and 1s. Boxes at Chemists only. Wholesale agents, F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

DR. DE JONGH'S

KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Incontestably proved by Thirty-five Years' Universal Medical Experience to be
THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS
IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir JOHN T. BANKS, Bart., M.D.,
Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.

"I consider DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil the best of all the specimens of Oil which have ever come under my notice."

Sir GEORGE H. PORTER, Bart., M.D.,
Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.

"I am frequently in the habit of ordering DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and consider it a very efficacious remedy."

Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.,
Physician, Hospital for Diseases of the Throat.

"I have found your Light-Brown Oil much more uniform in character, more uniform in its action, and more easily digested than any other Cod Liver Oil."

Sir G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D.,
Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

"The value of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases, chiefly of an exhaustive character, has been admitted by the world of medicine."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists and Druggists.
Sole Consignees—**ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.**
CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.



It is said that Beecham's Pills find great favour with the Czar, inasmuch that he frequently carries a box of them in his pocket, and may be seen swallowing a couple before he sits down to meat.—EXTRACT FROM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

HIERATICA

THE ANCIENT WRITING PAPER OF THE PRIESTS.

NOW THE FAVOURITE NOTE PAPER.

A Parchment Paper at moderate price. Hard smooth surface, delightful to write upon.
For Private Correspondence - 5 Qrs. 1/- Court Shape Envelopes - - - 1/- per 100
Thin for Foreign - 5 " 1/- Thin for Foreign Correspondence - - - 100
For Sermons, ruled or plain - 5 " 1/6 Court Shape 1/6 " 100
Every Sheet and Envelope bears the Water-mark "HIERATICA." Reject Imitations.
Of all Stationers. Insist on having "HIERATICA" or send mps to
HIERATICA WORKS, 68, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Samples Free. P. & Co. Carriage Paid.

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE."—*Lancet*, June 15, 1889.
CONCENTRATED.

GOLD MEDALS,
1884, 1886.

DELICIOUS
FLAVOUR.

MOST
NUTRITIOUS.

REQUIRING
NO DIGESTIVE
EFFORT.

PEPTONIZED COCOA

AND MILK
(Patent).

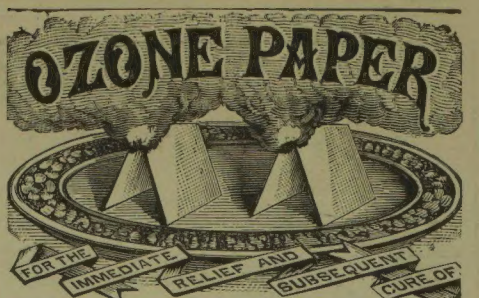
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

Tins
1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.
OBTAINABLE
EVERYWHERE.

For TRAVELLERS.

DELICATE
CHILDREN.

AND ALL OF
WEAK
DIGESTION.



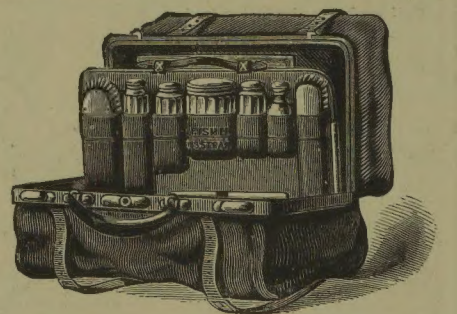
ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,

BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.
The "Lancet."—"A convenient and valuable remedy."
Dr. Thorowgood—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone Paper."

Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me permanent relief."
2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country within the Postal Union.

R. HUGGINS, Chemist, 199, Strand, LONDON.

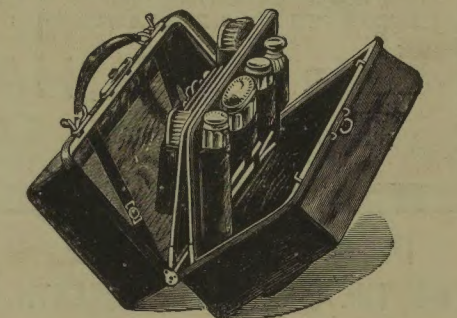
FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.



18-in., Plated, £6; Silver, £7 10s.

In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair-brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes; Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes; Razor-Strop, Paper-Knife, Scent-Bottle, Jar; Soap-Dish, Writing-Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match-Box, Looking-Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail-File, and Button-Hook. Price, complete, £6, with Plated Fittings; £7 10s., with Silver Fittings.

FISHER'S BEATRICE BAG.



The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, fitted complete, Silver Mounts, Ivory Brushes, Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, contains Soap-Box, Jar, Scent-Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper-Knife, Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair-Brush, Velvet-Brush, Looking-Glass, Scissors, Button-Hook, Nail-File, Knife, Corkscrew.

Price £4 10s.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS

Are the Best.

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.

Medical opinion all over the world for THE HEALTH. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold or sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,
30, Milk St., London.
Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Sunday Times says: "Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM!" Book (116 pages), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OEDYMA (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.), post free eight stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,
Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

ED. PINAUD

PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

LILAS de FRANCE (French Lilac) BORGHETTO

the two latest novelties, the most fragrant perfumes, in essences for the handkerchief, extra fine toilet soaps face powder, sachets, cosmétiques, toilet-water, etc., in splendid fancy boxes; the great success of the season.

Sold by all first class perfumers
Wholesale: **R. HOVENDEN & SONS, 31, Berners Street (Oxford Street) LONDON W.**